

A HAND-BOOK OF GOLF FOR BEARS



BY FRANK VER BECK
WITH NOTES BY HAYDEN CARRUTH, POET

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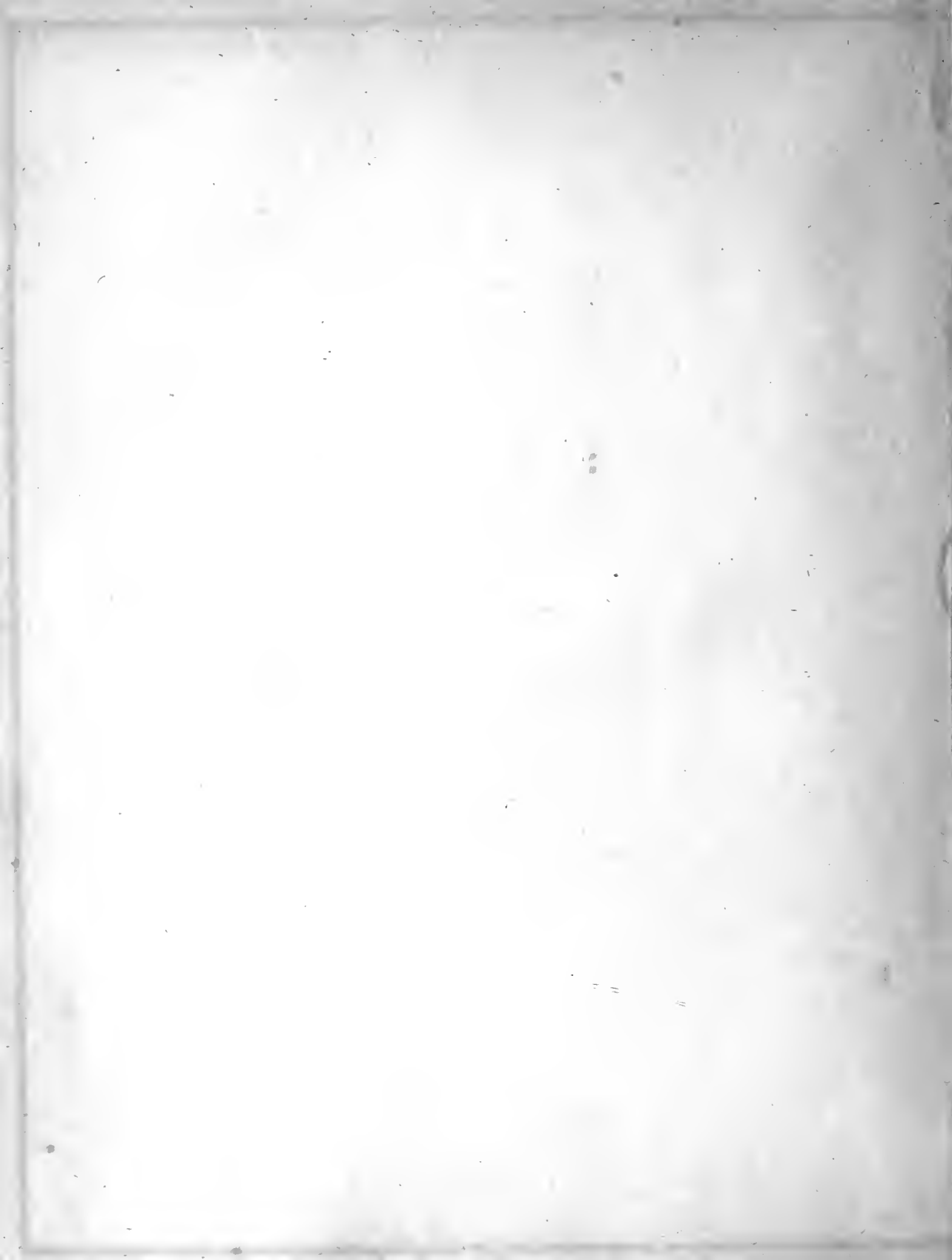
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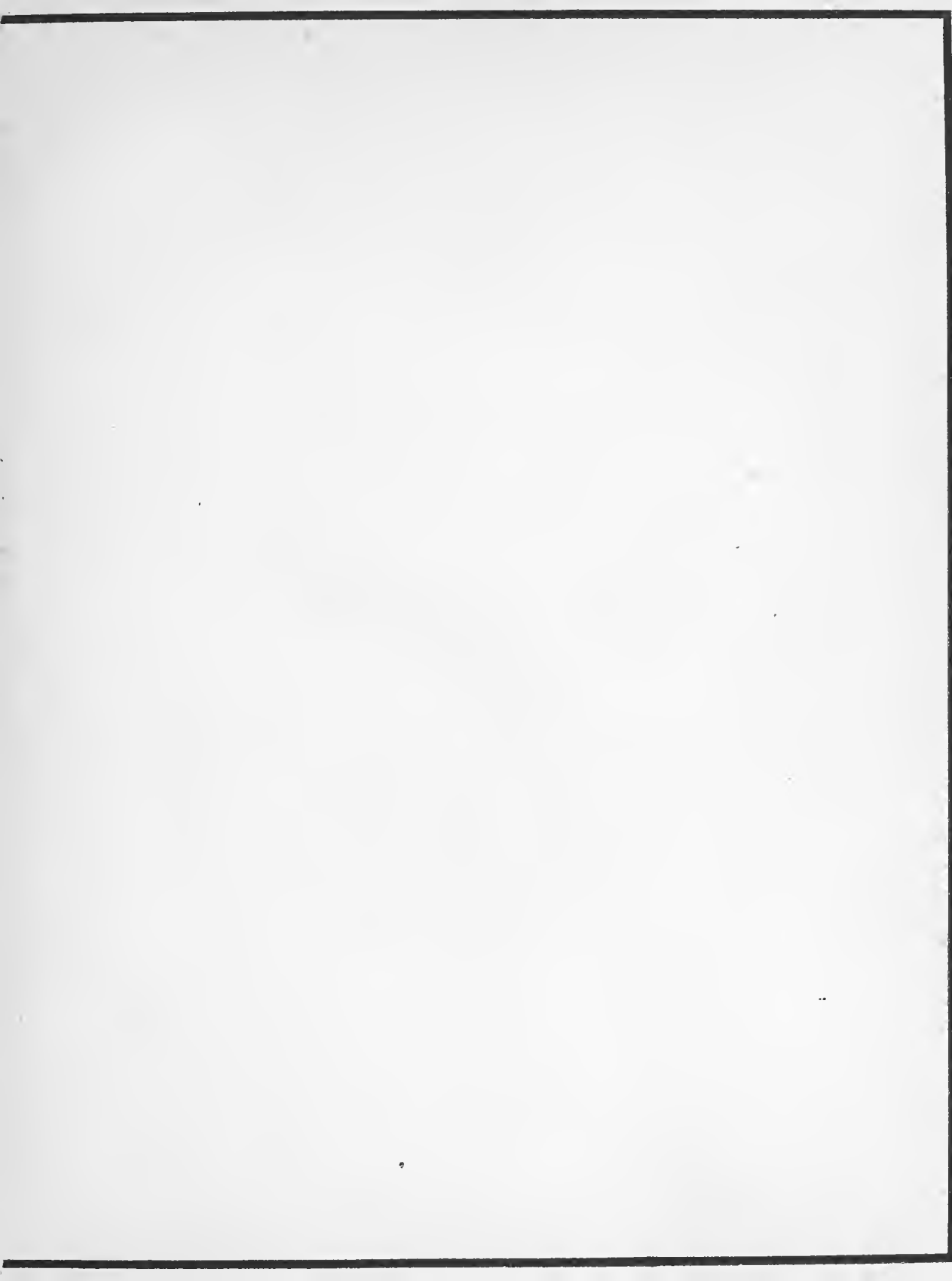
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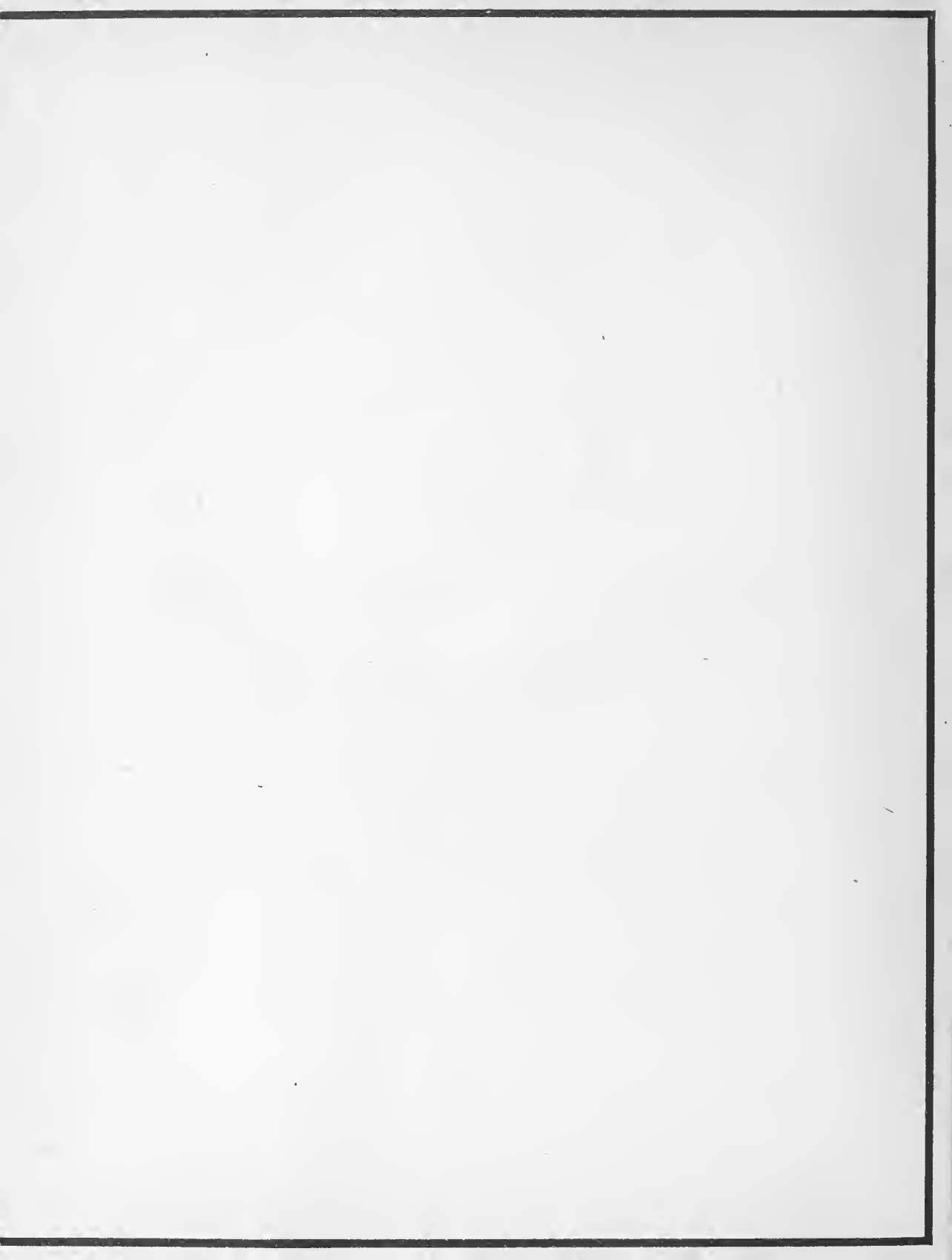
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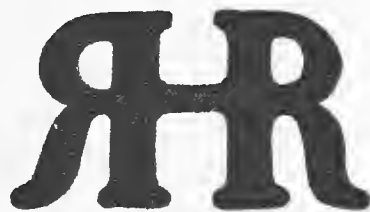
**A HAND-BOOK OF GOLF
FOR BEARS**



A Hand-book of Golf for Bears

BY
FRANK VERBECK

VERSES BY
HAYDEN CARRUTH

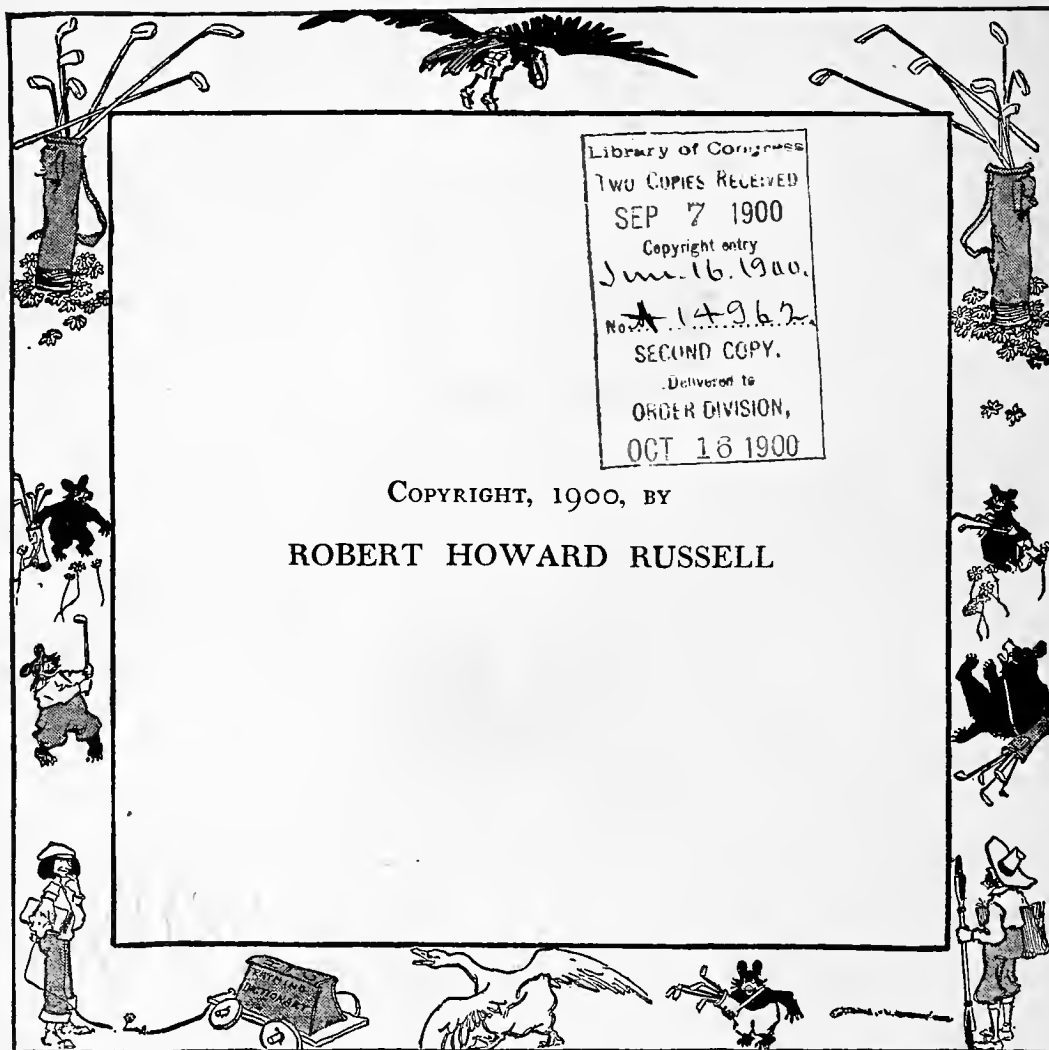


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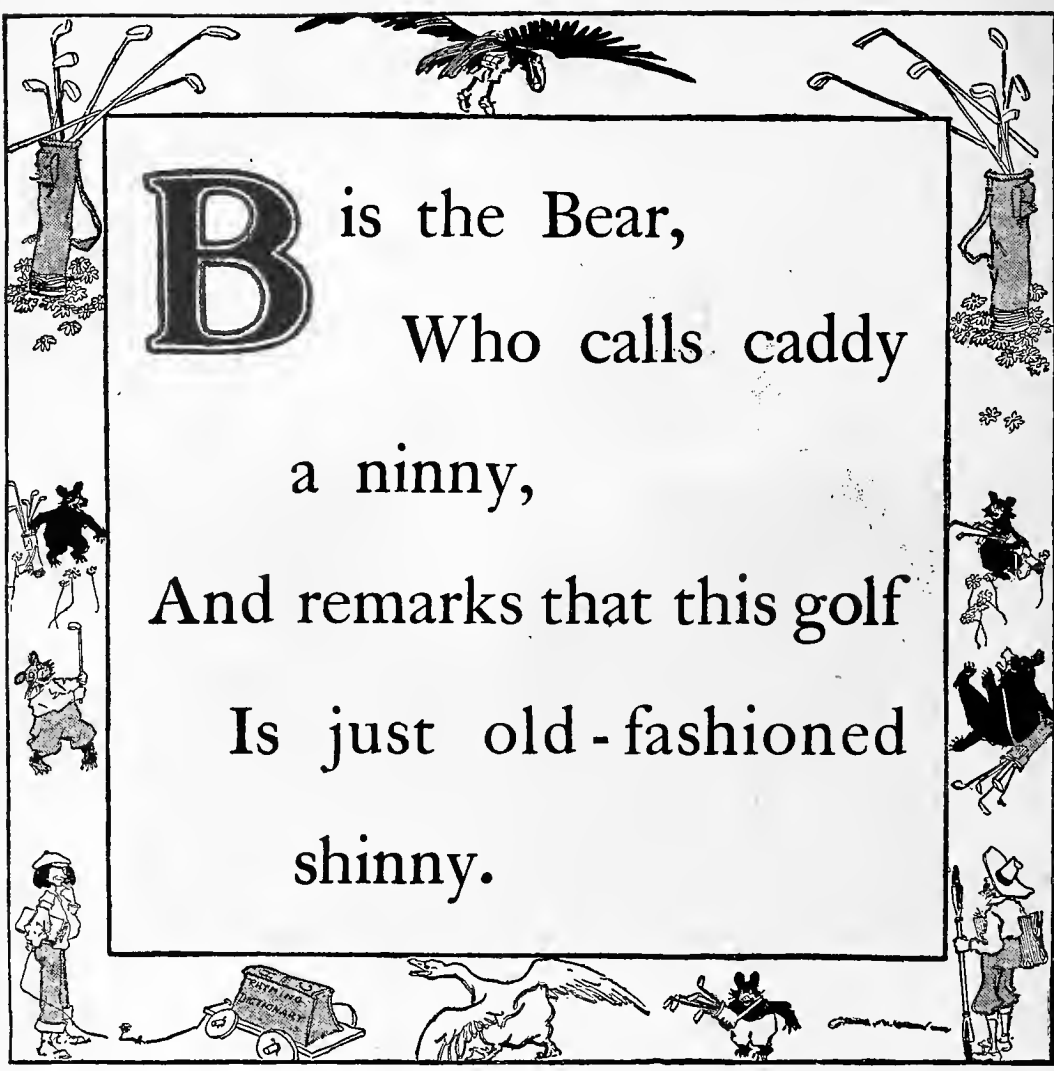


L & C



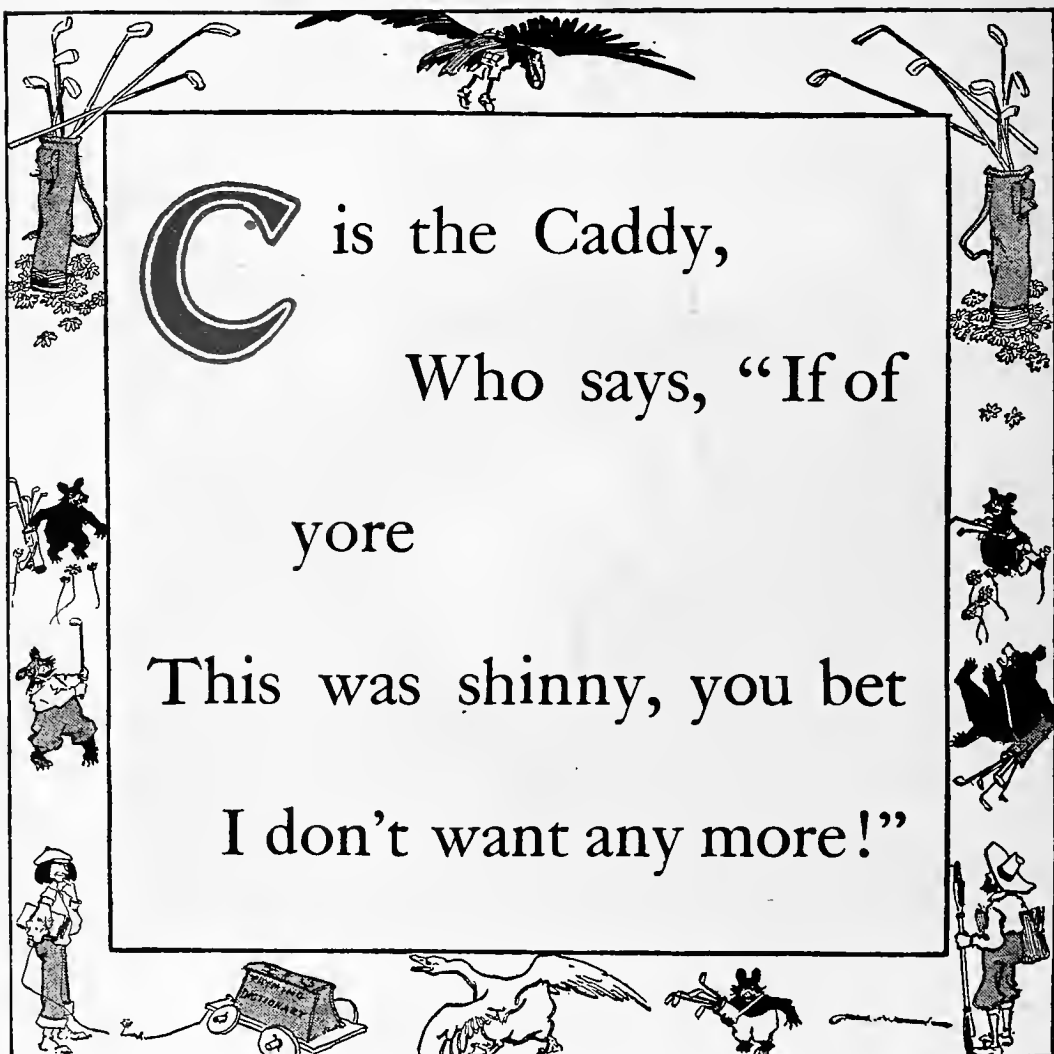
A is the Artist,
Who golf never
played;
Ditto the Author—
But neither's afraid.





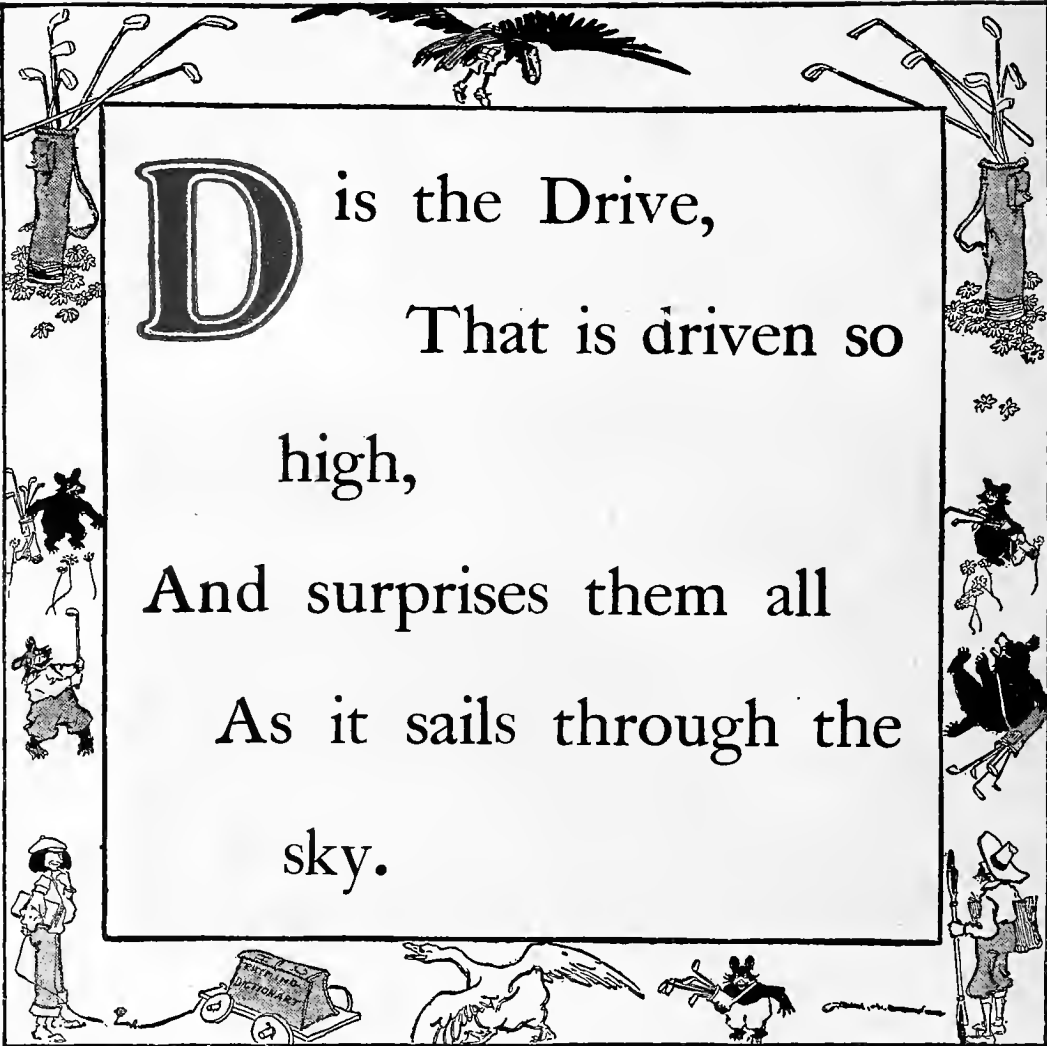
B is the Bear,
Who calls caddy
a ninny,
And remarks that this golf
Is just old-fashioned
shinny.





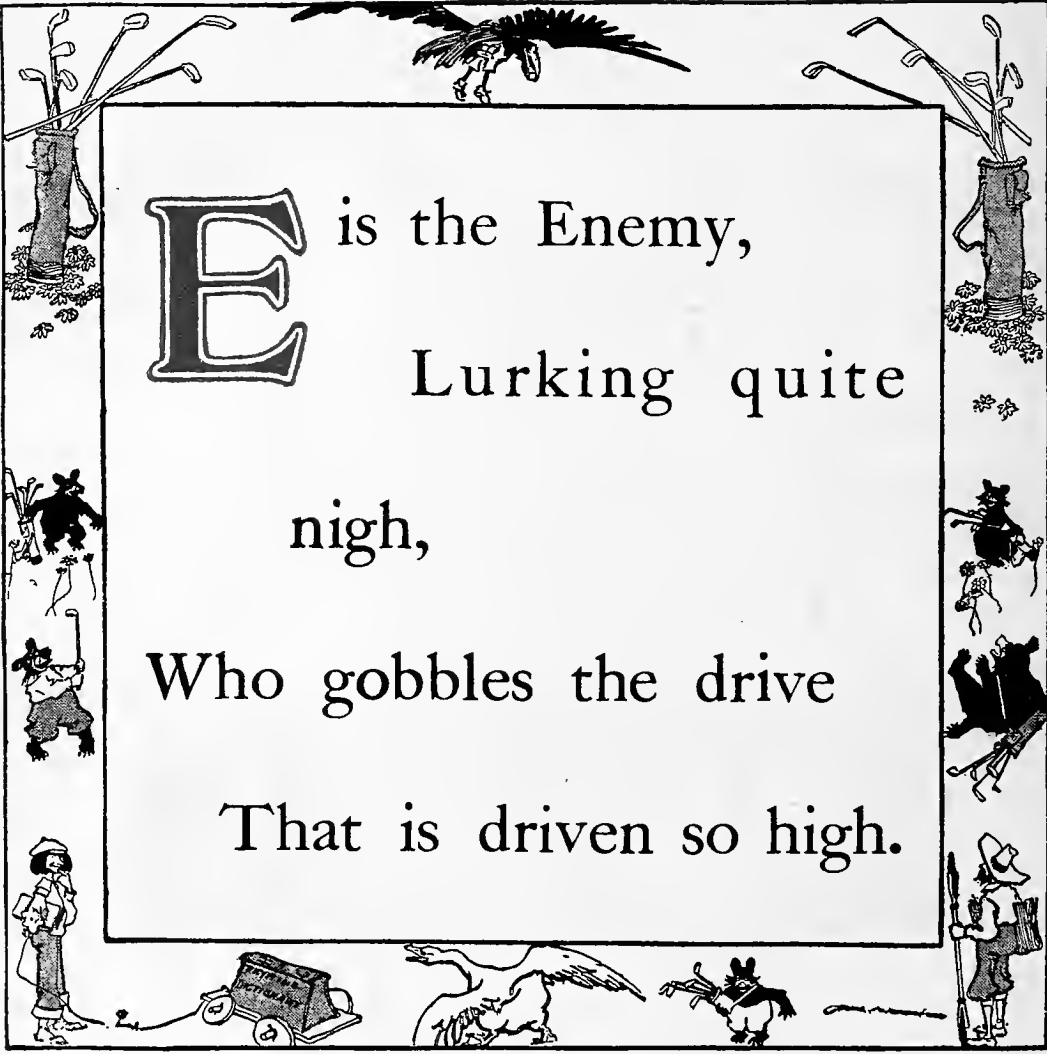
C is the Caddy,
Who says, "If of
yore
This was shinny, you bet
I don't want any more!"





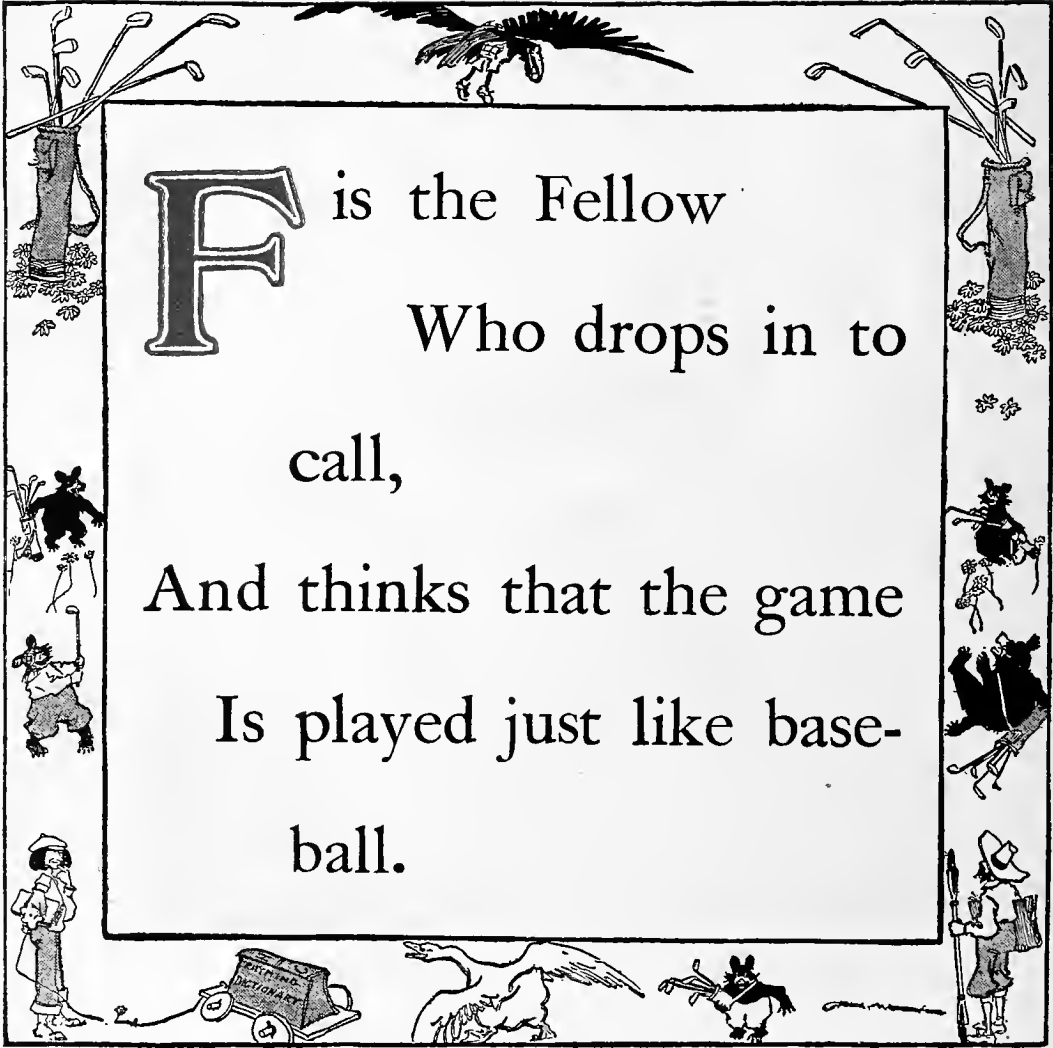
D is the Drive,
That is driven so
high,
And surprises them all
As it sails through the
sky.





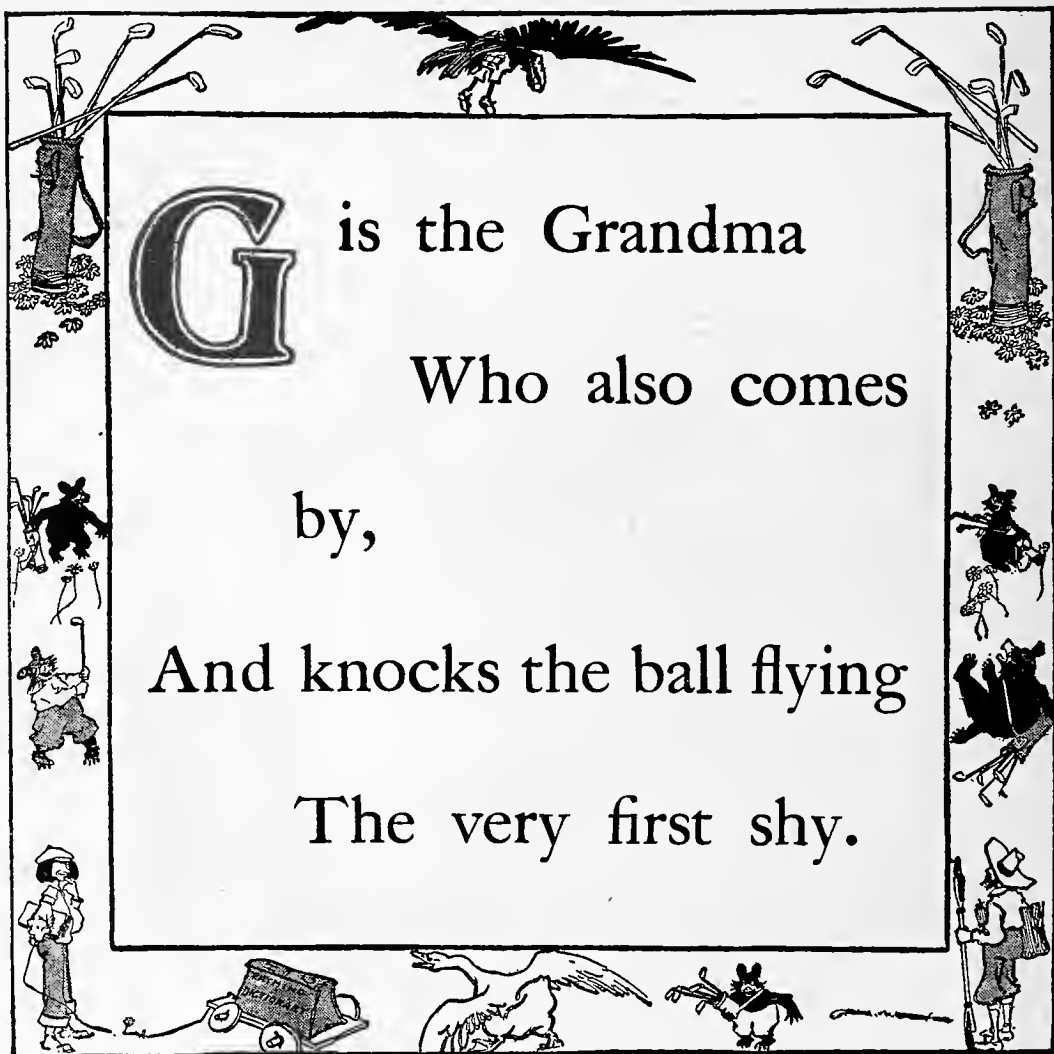
E is the Enemy,
Lurking quite
nigh,
Who gobbles the drive
That is driven so high.





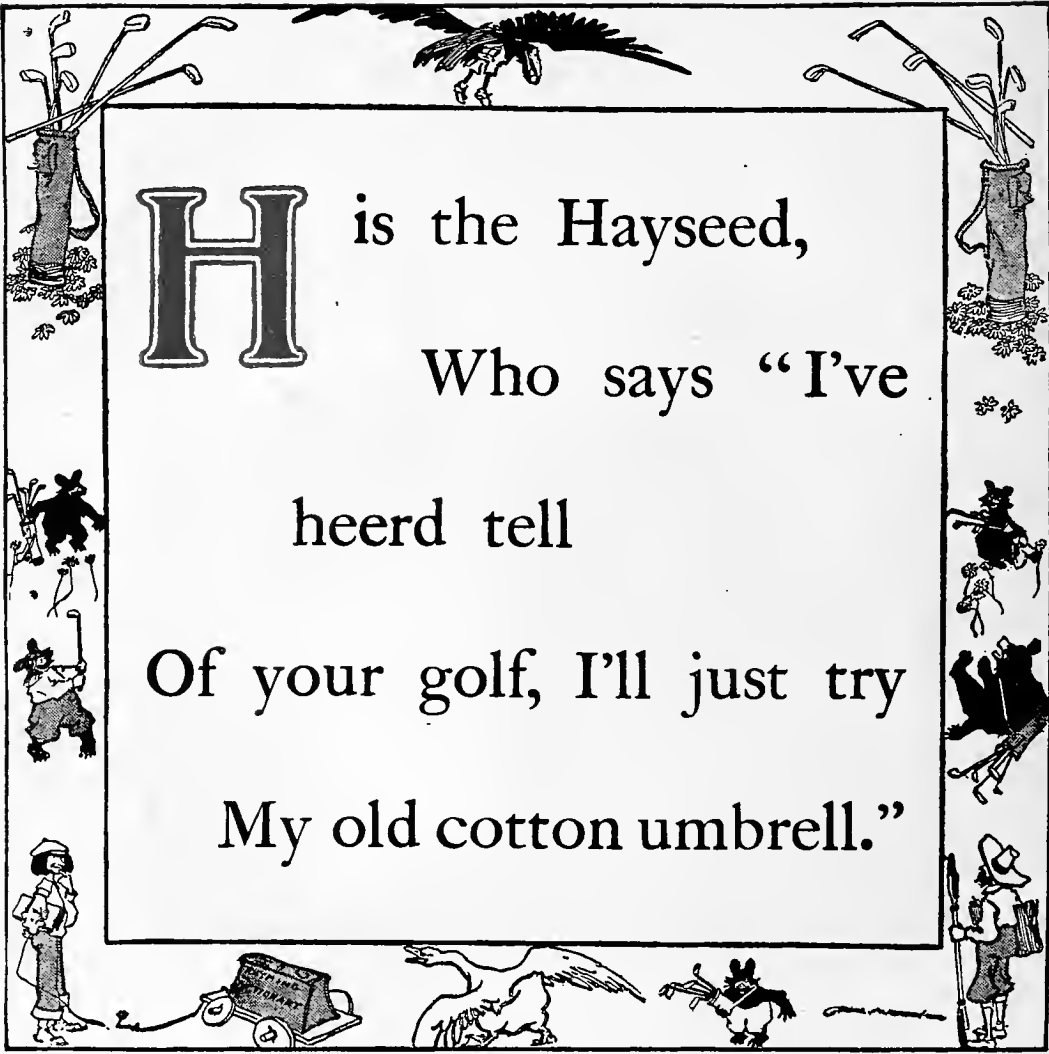
F is the Fellow
Who drops in to
call,
And thinks that the game
Is played just like base-
ball.





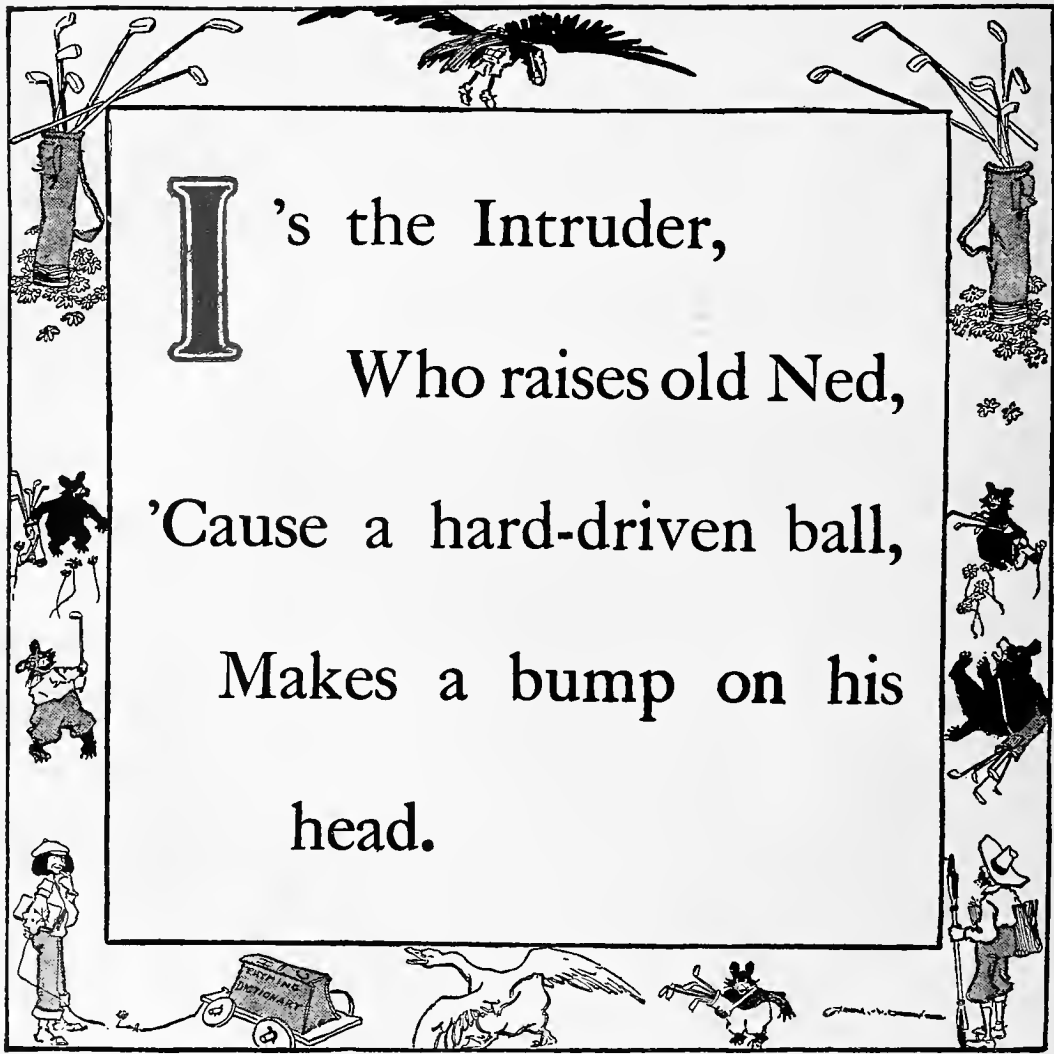
G is the Grandma
Who also comes
by,
And knocks the ball flying
The very first shy.





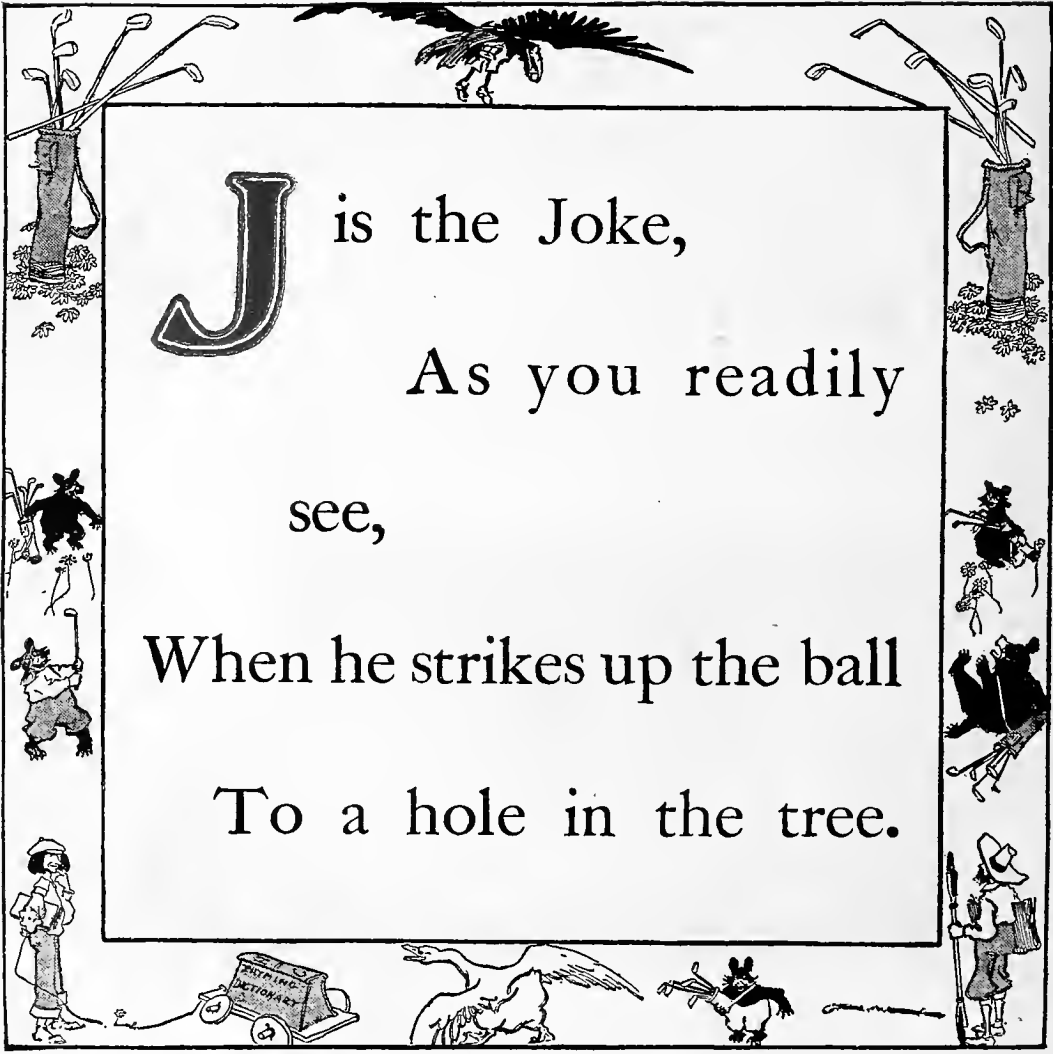
H is the Hayseed,
Who says "I've
heerd tell
Of your golf, I'll just try
My old cotton umbrell."



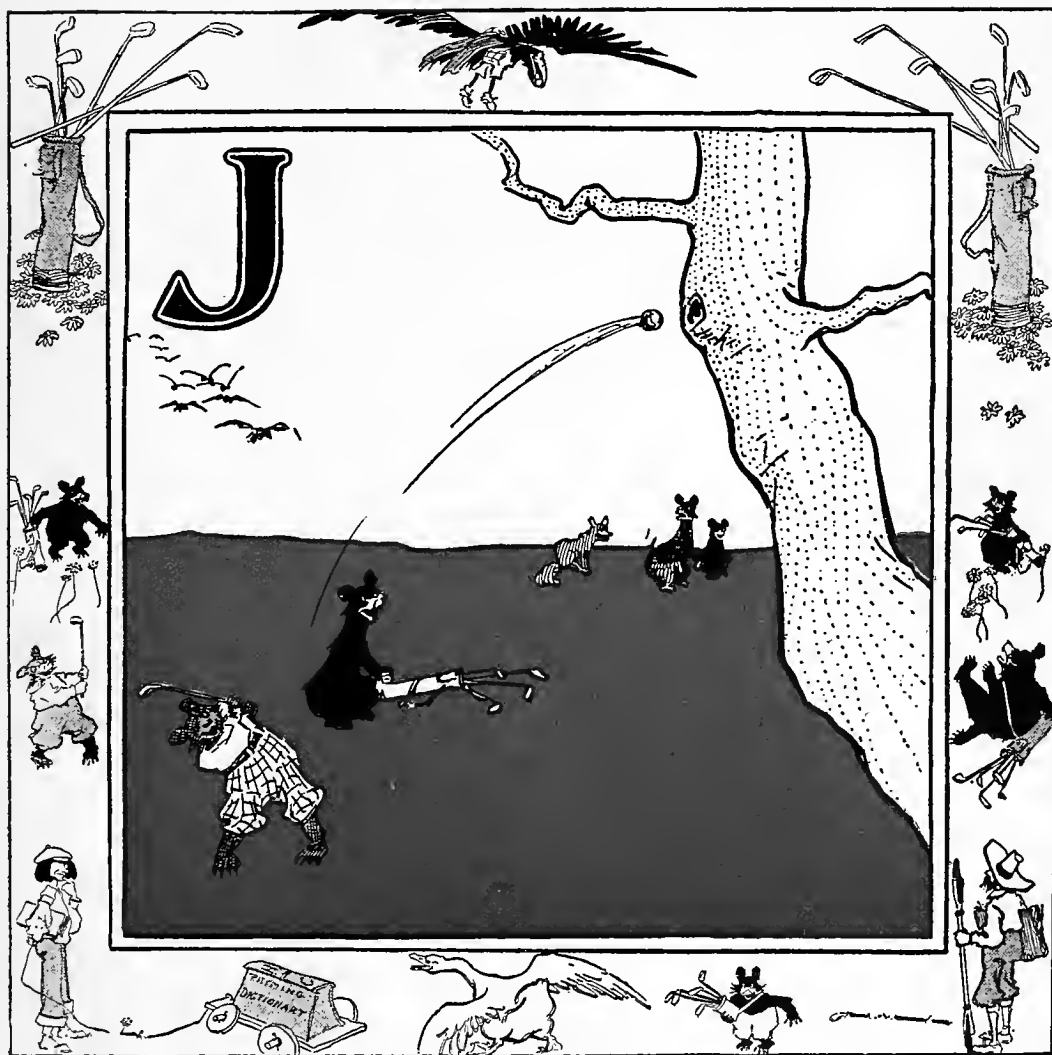



I's the Intruder,
Who raises old Ned,
'Cause a hard-driven ball,
Makes a bump on his
head.





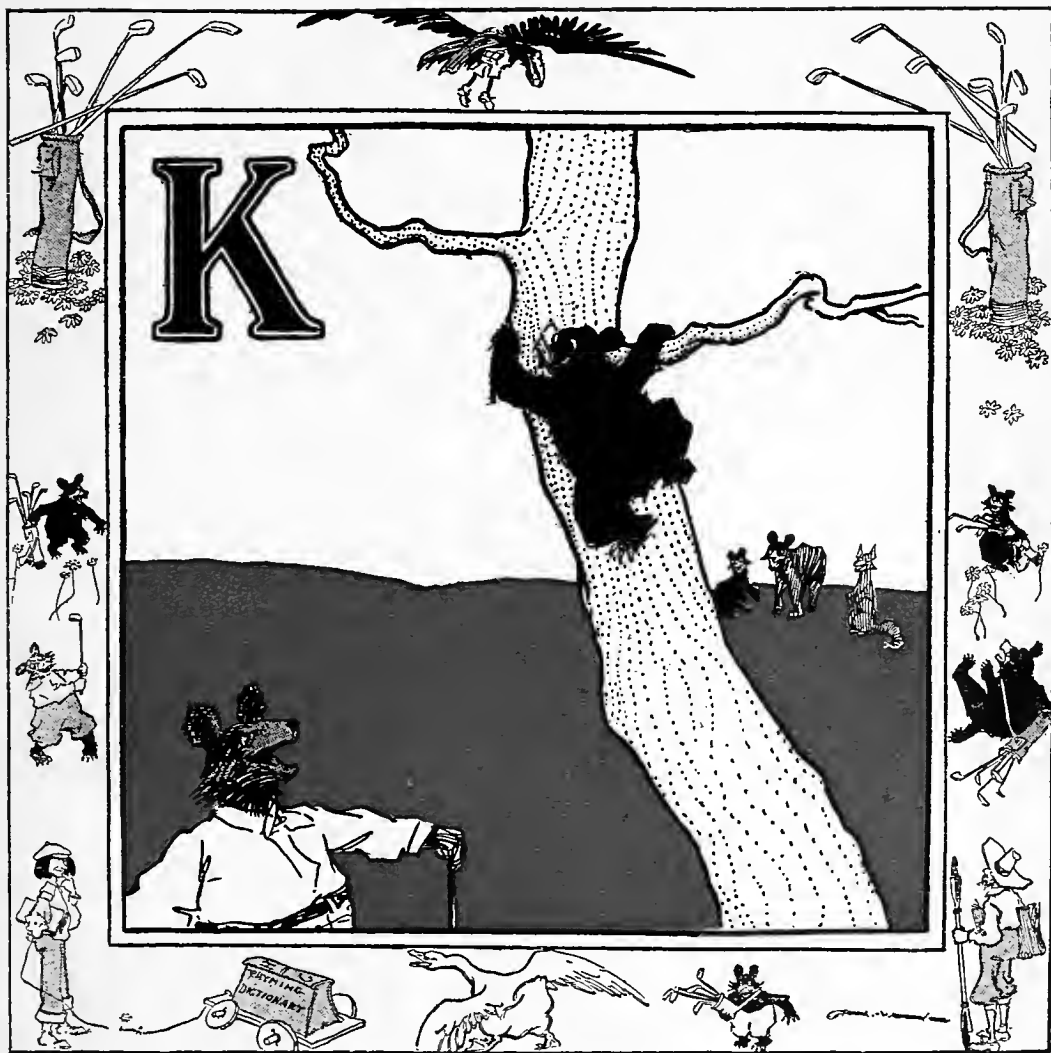
J is the Joke,
As you readily
see,
When he strikes up the ball
To a hole in the tree.

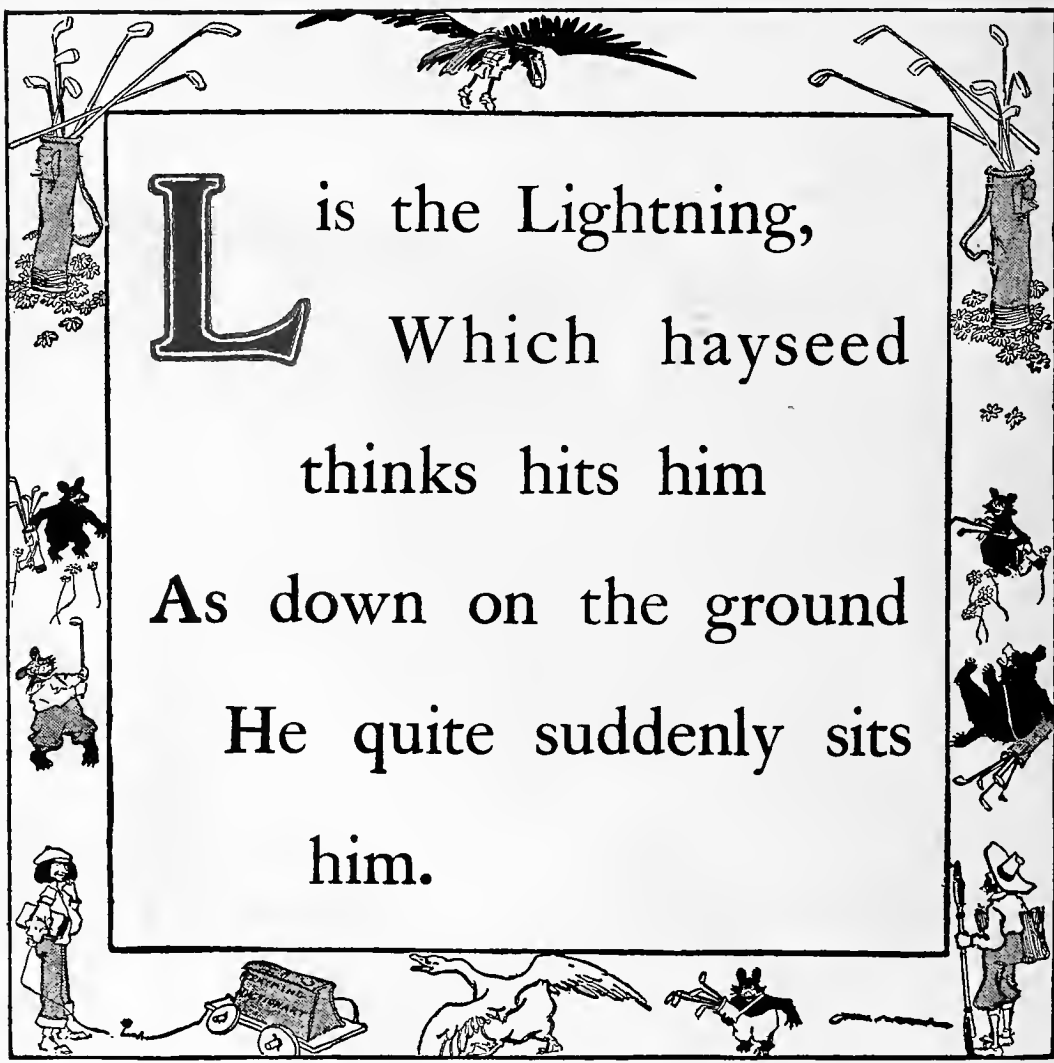




K is the Kick,
Which soon fol-
lows the same.

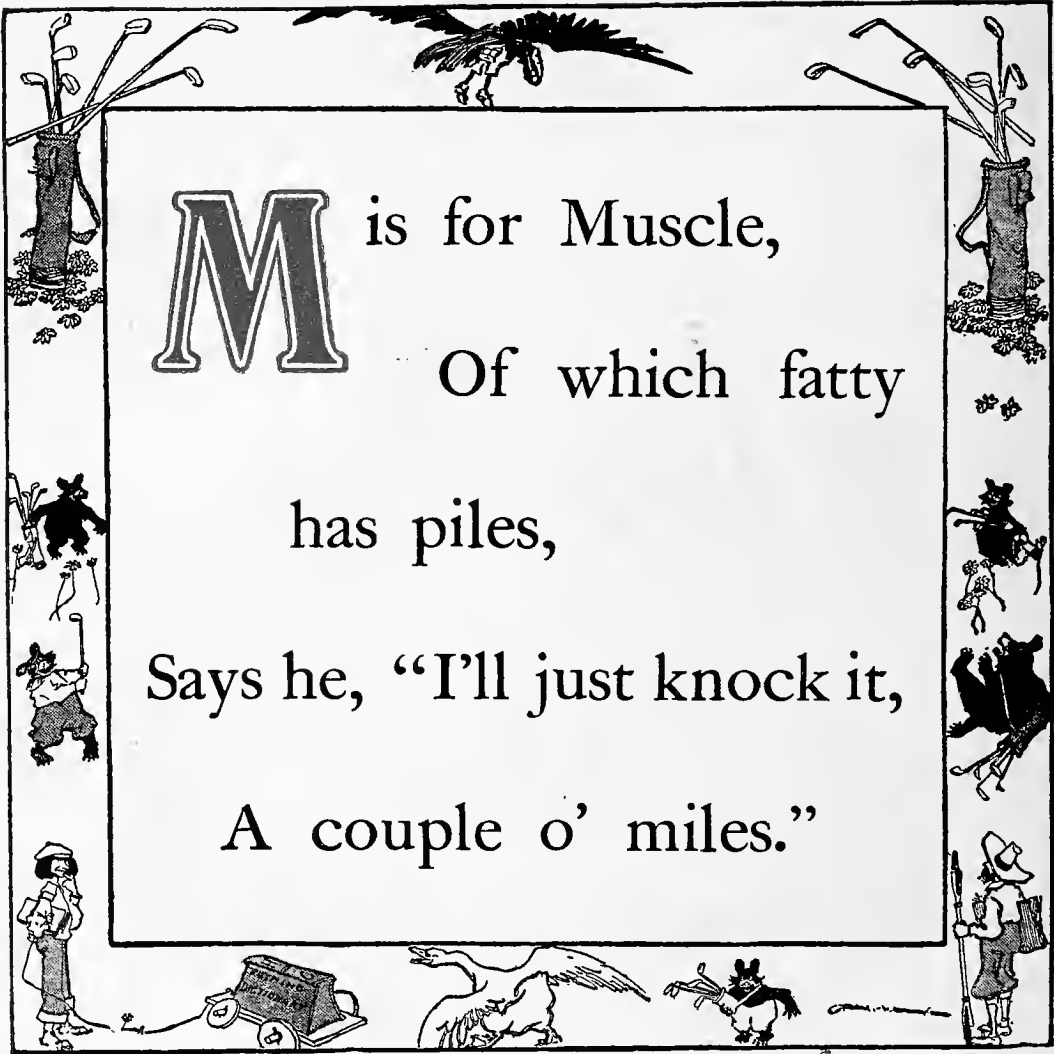
Says Caddy, "this thing
Is a regular shame."





L is the Lightning,
Which hayseed
thinks hits him
As down on the ground
He quite suddenly sits
him.

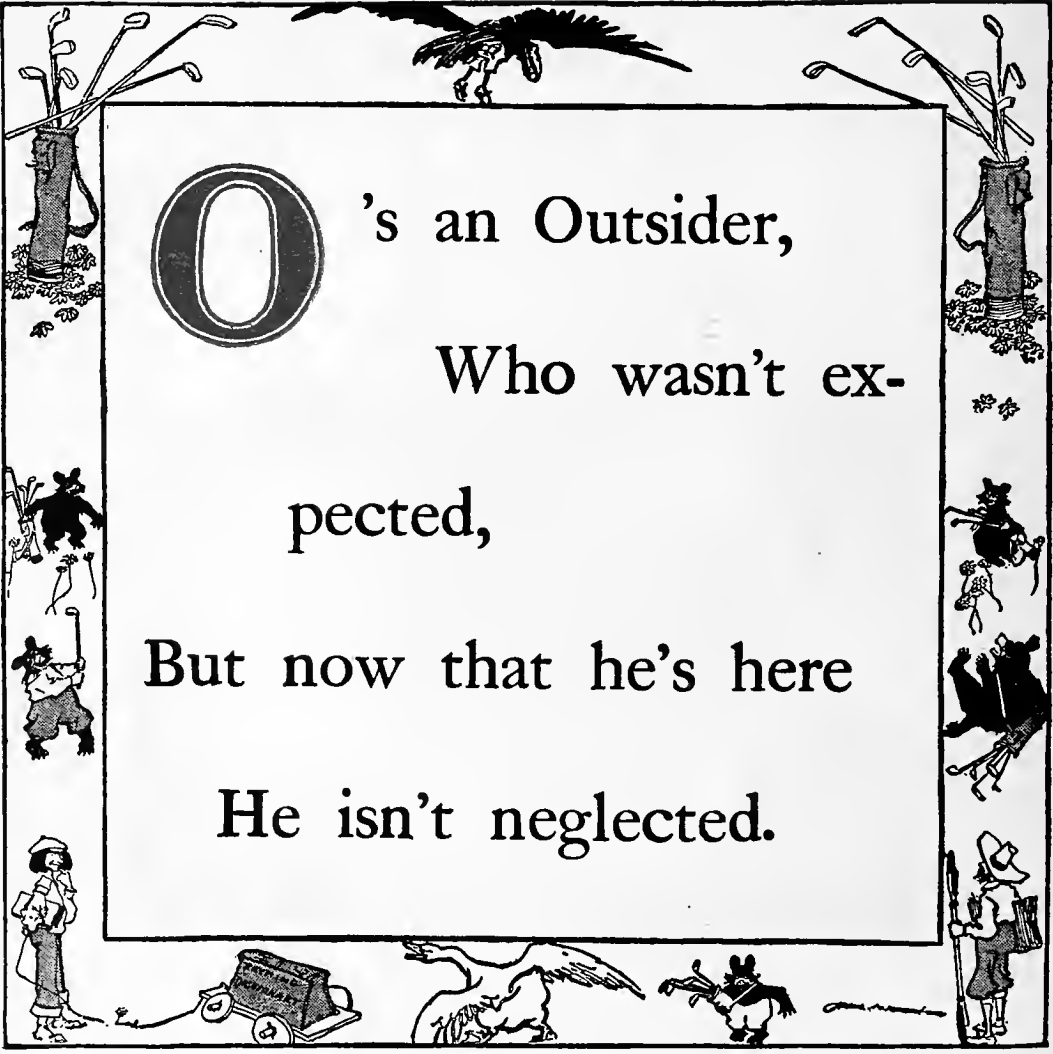




M is for Muscle,
Of which fatty
has piles,
Says he, "I'll just knock it,
A couple o' miles."

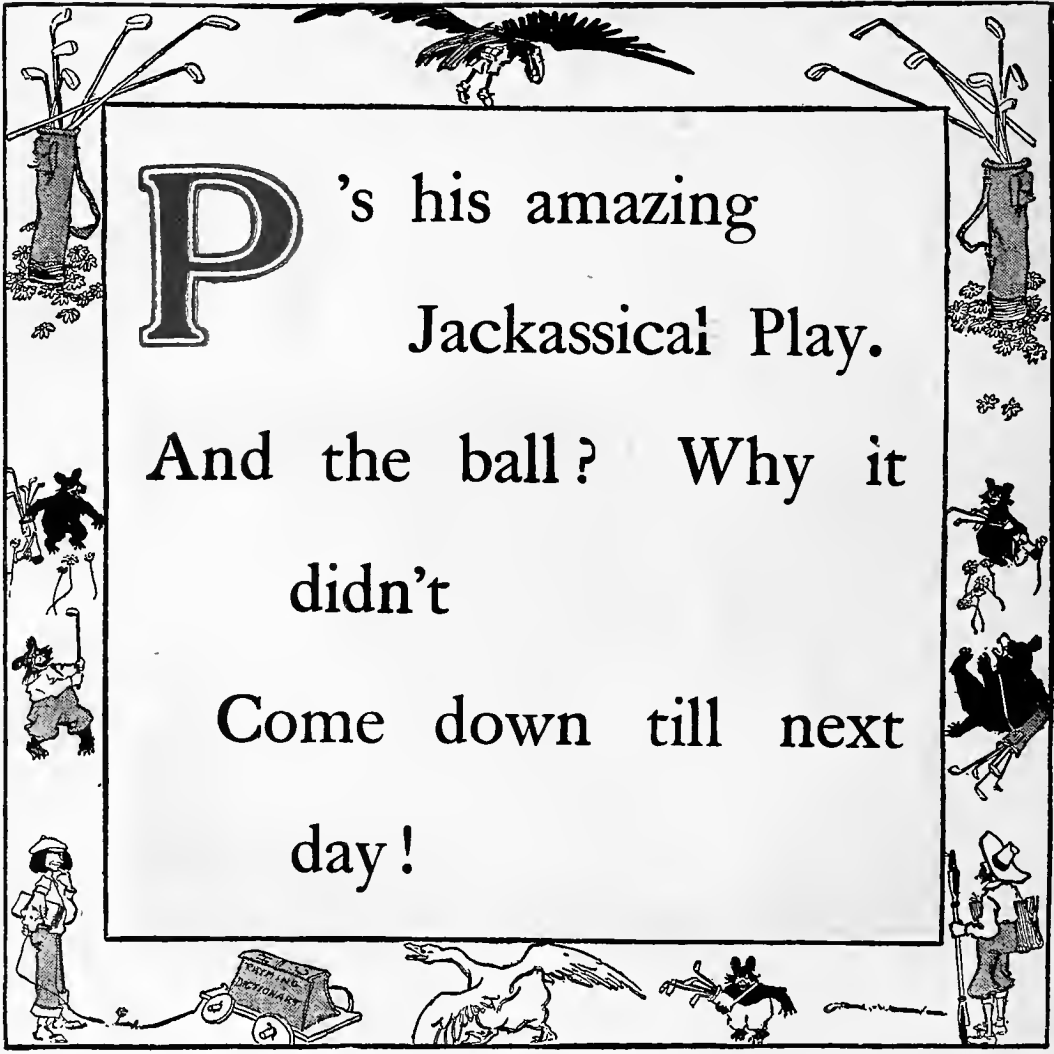






O's an Outsider,
Who wasn't ex-
pected,
But now that he's here
He isn't neglected.

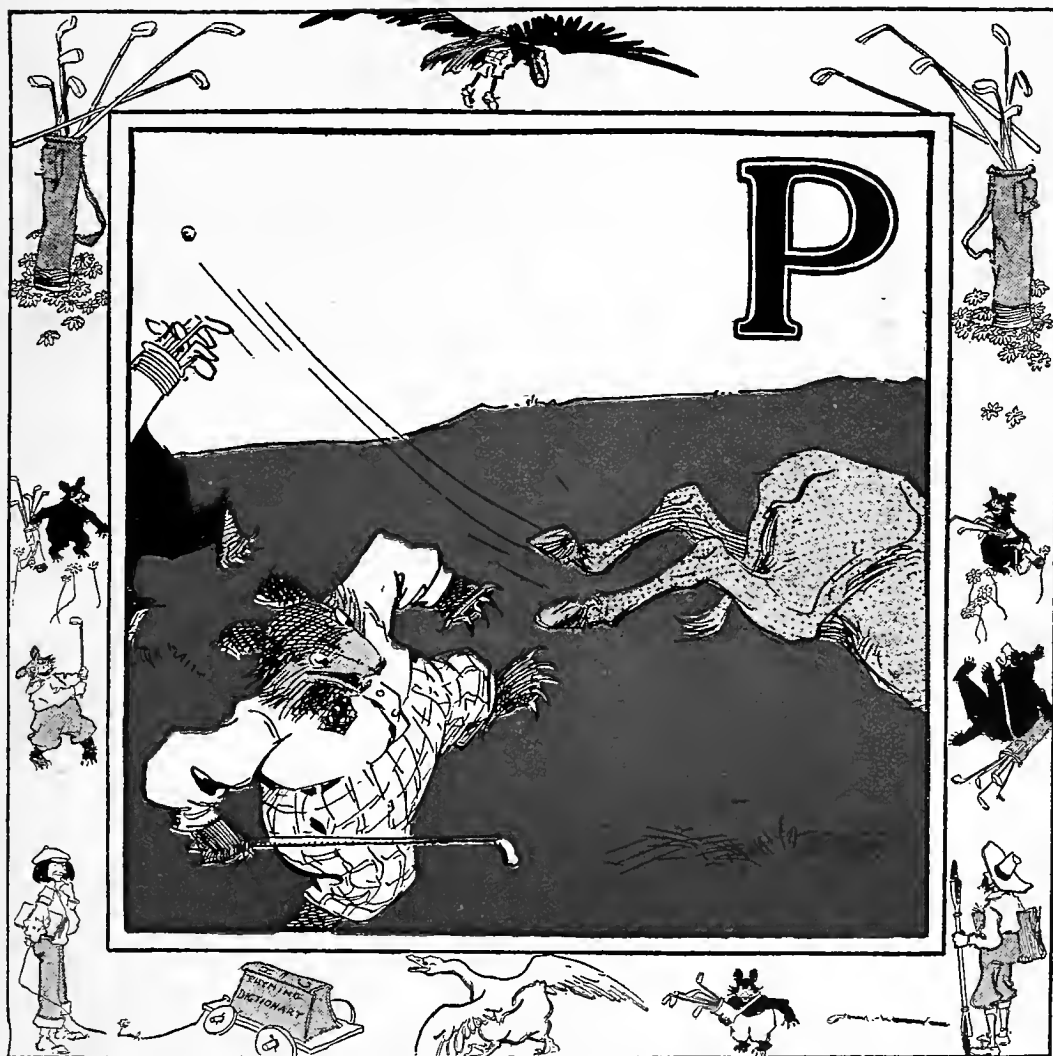


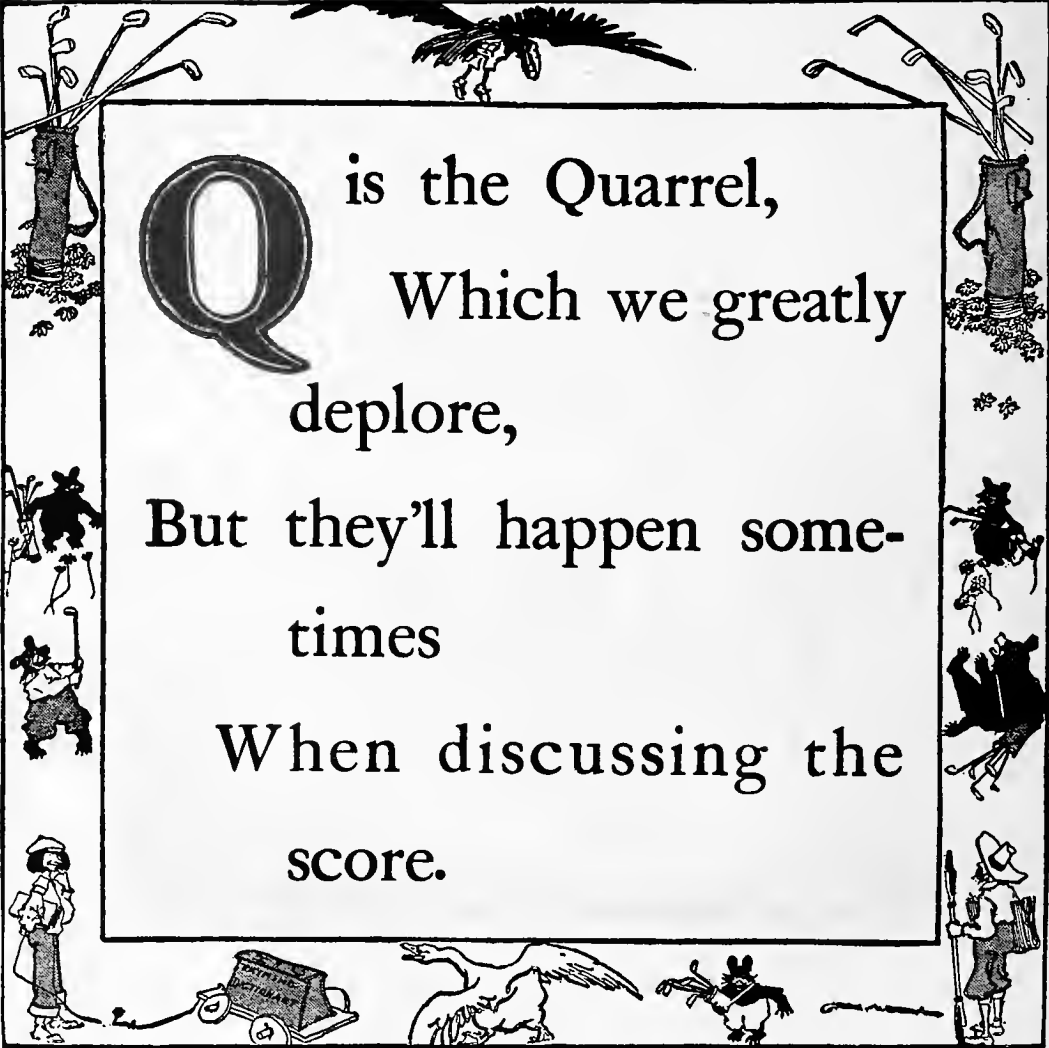


P's his amazing
Jackassical Play.

And the ball? Why it
didn't

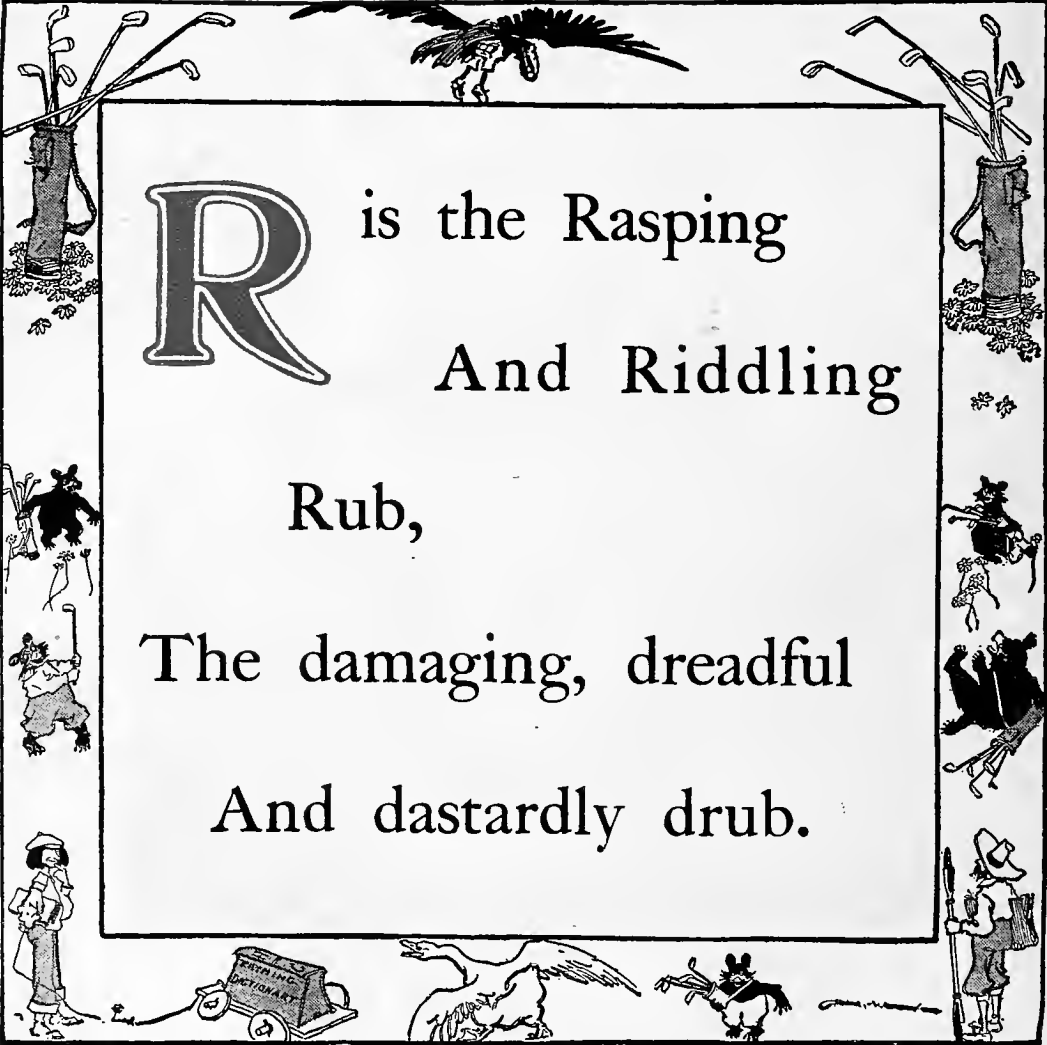
Come down till next
day!





Q is the Quarrel,
Which we greatly
deplore,
But they'll happen some-
times
When discussing the
score.

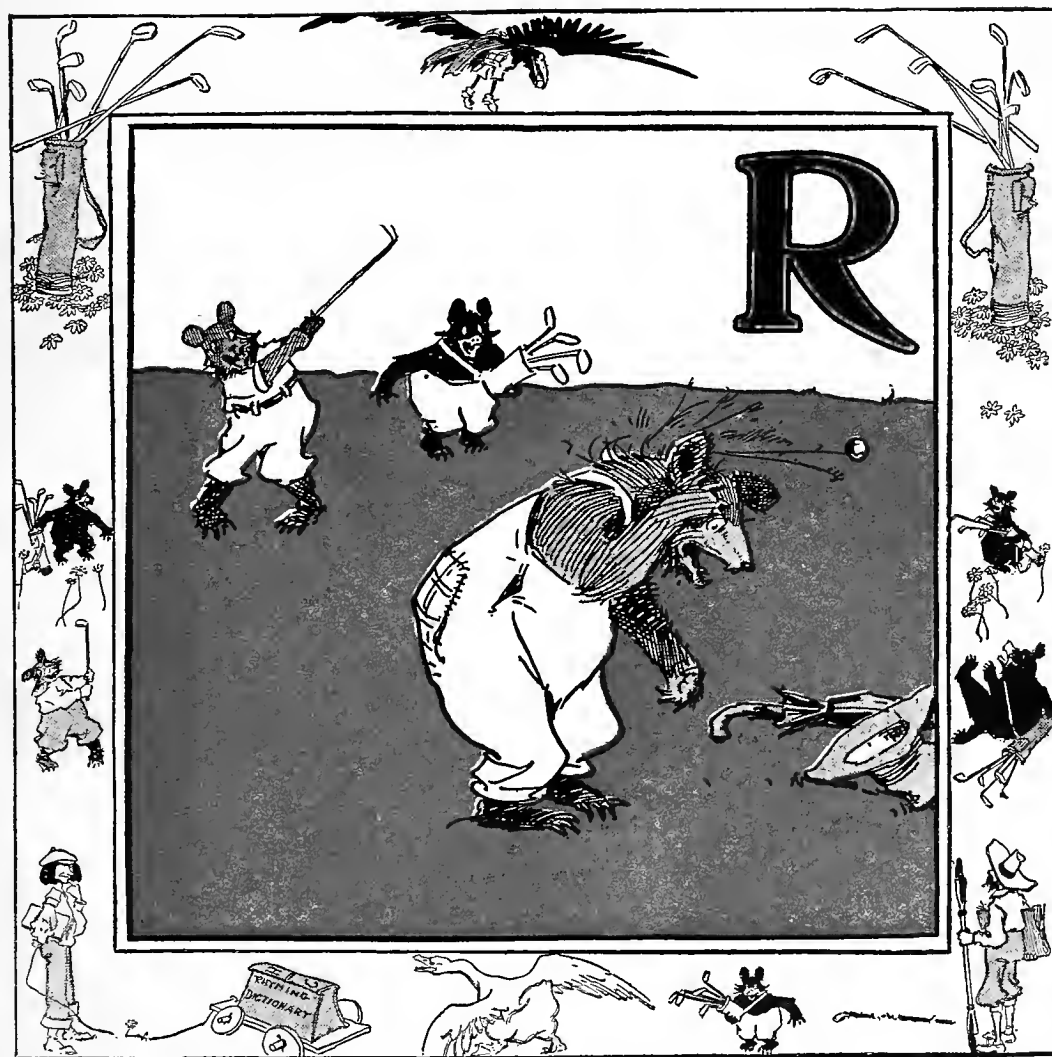


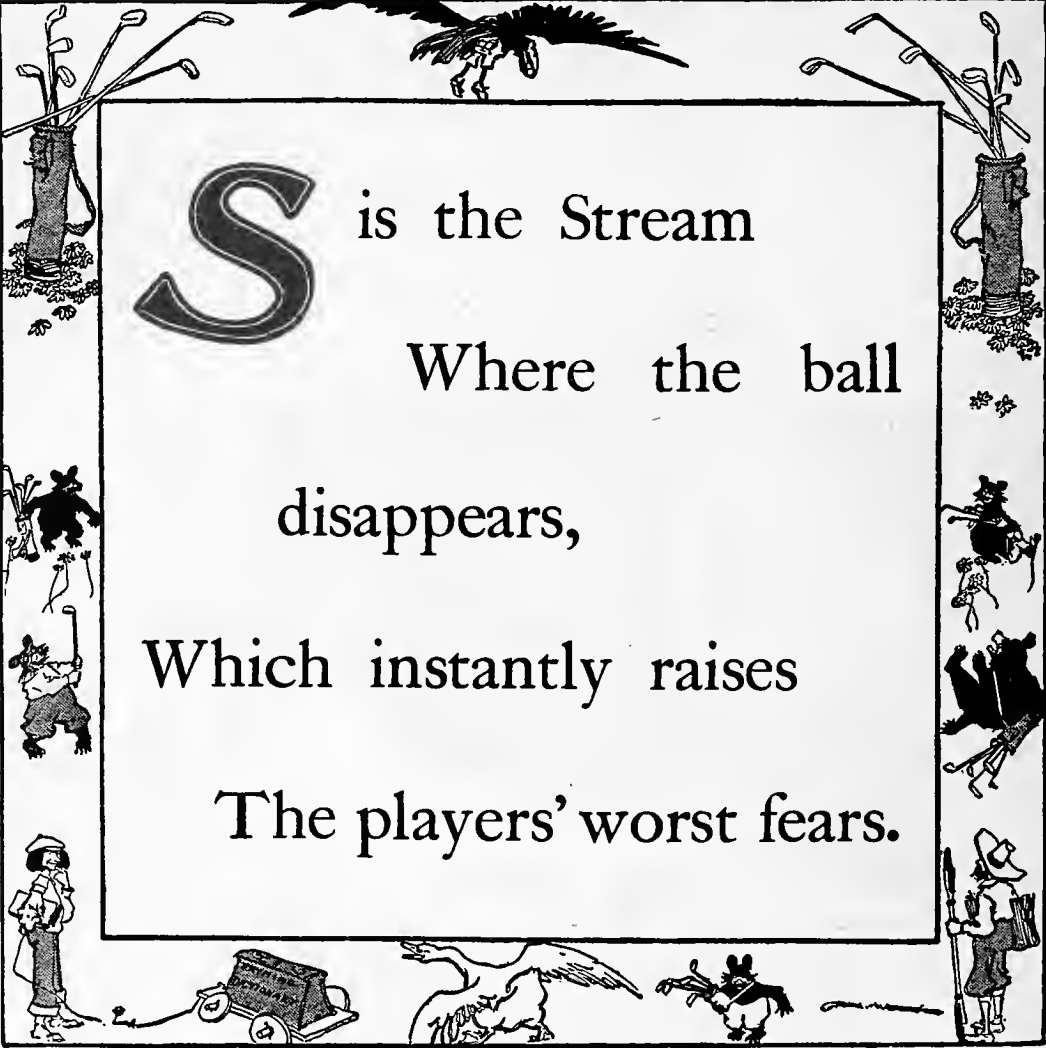


R is the Rasping
And Riddling

Rub,

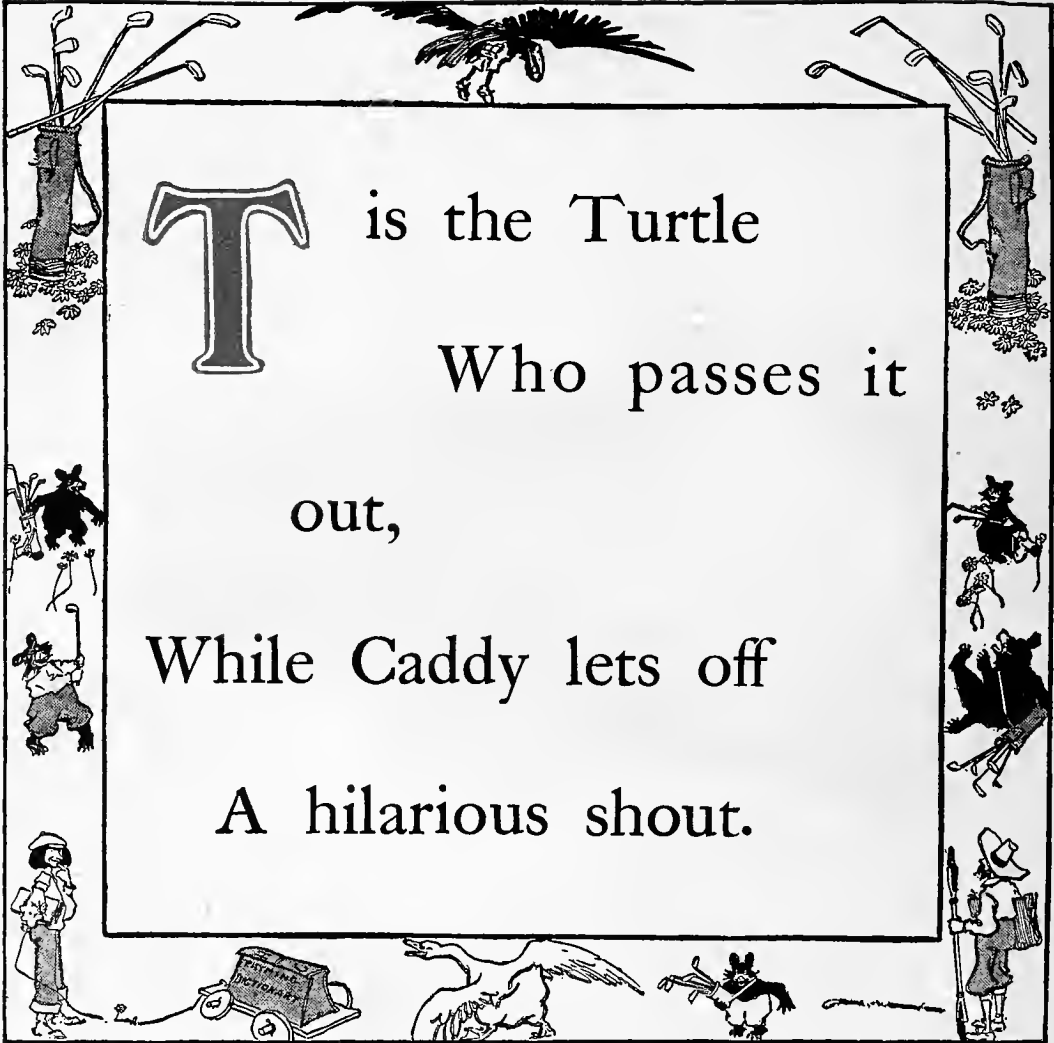
The damaging, dreadful
And dastardly drub.



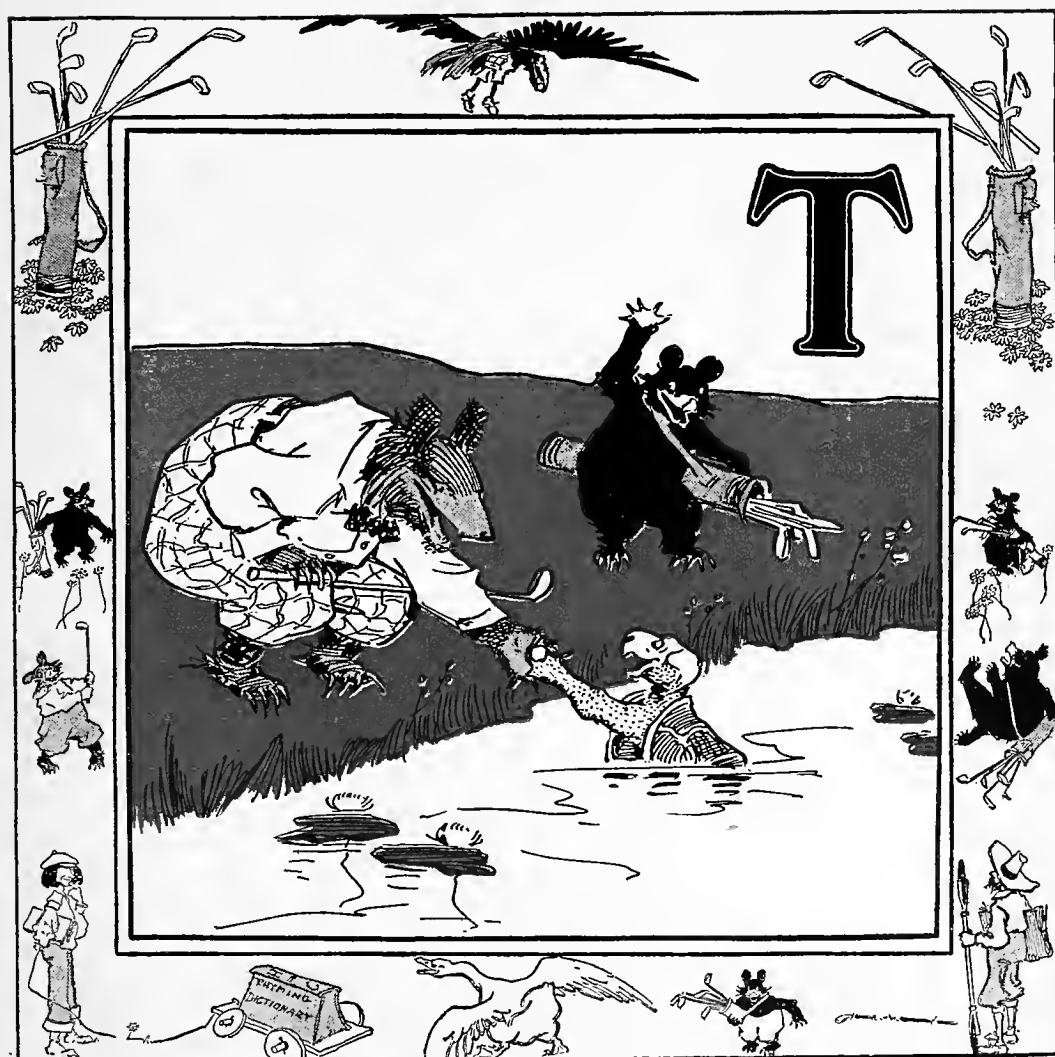


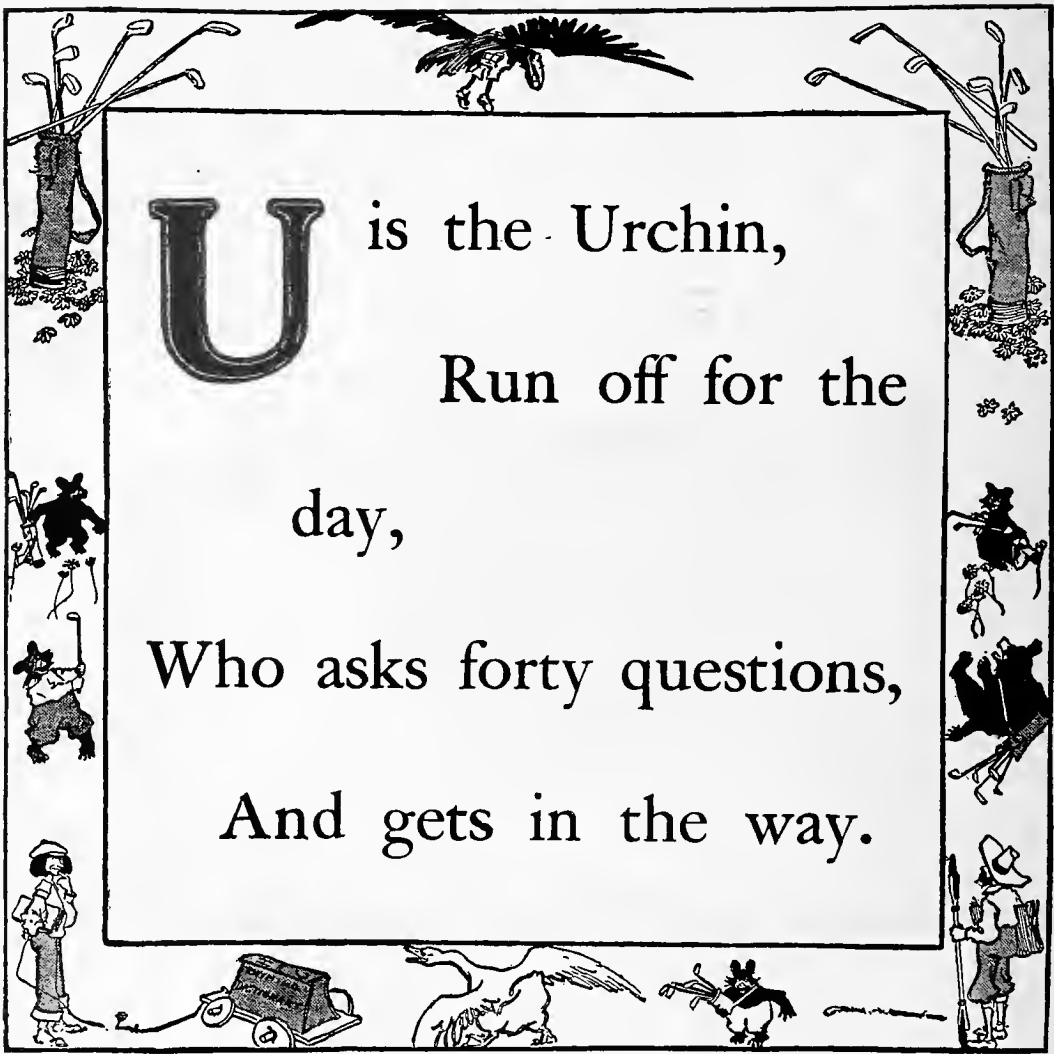
S is the Stream
Where the ball
disappears,
Which instantly raises
The players' worst fears.





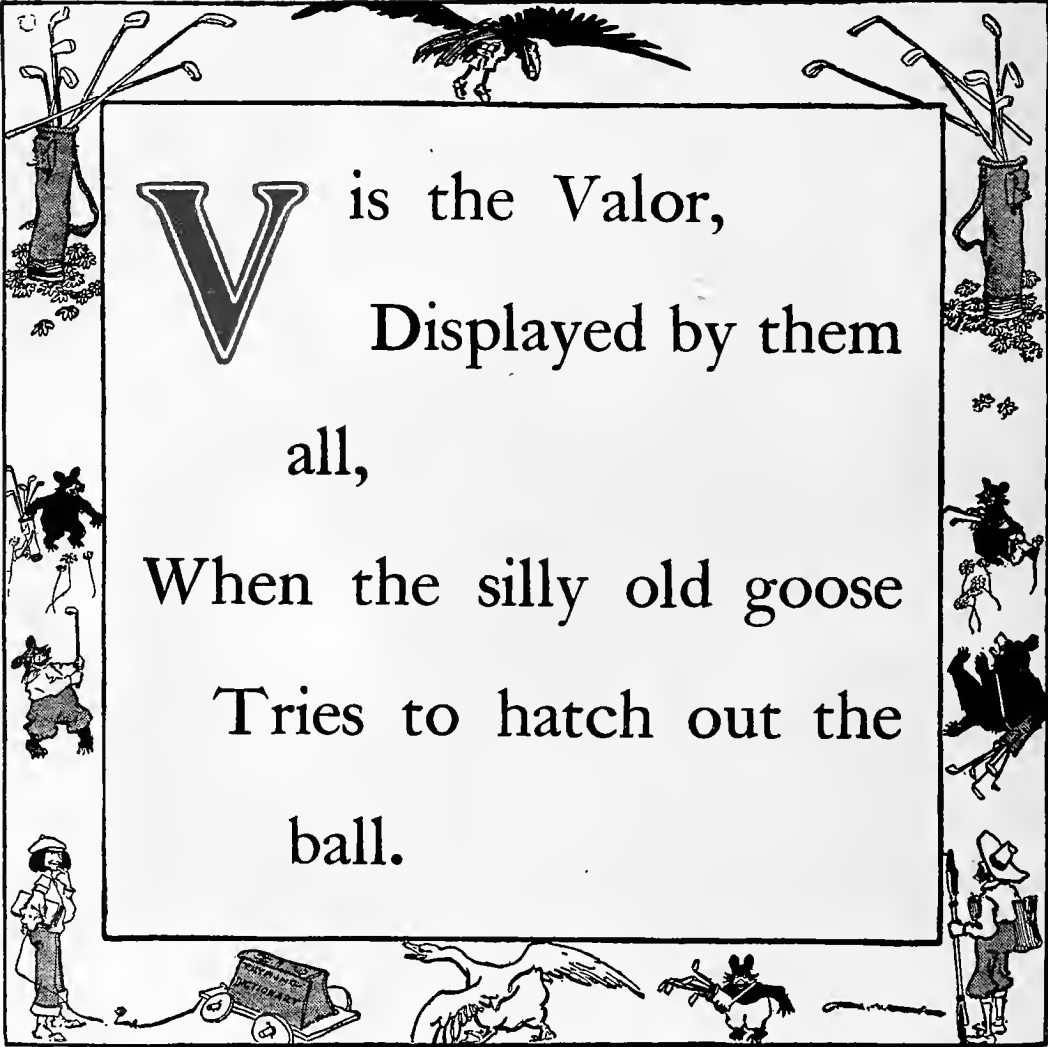
T is the Turtle
Who passes it
out,
While Caddy lets off
A hilarious shout.





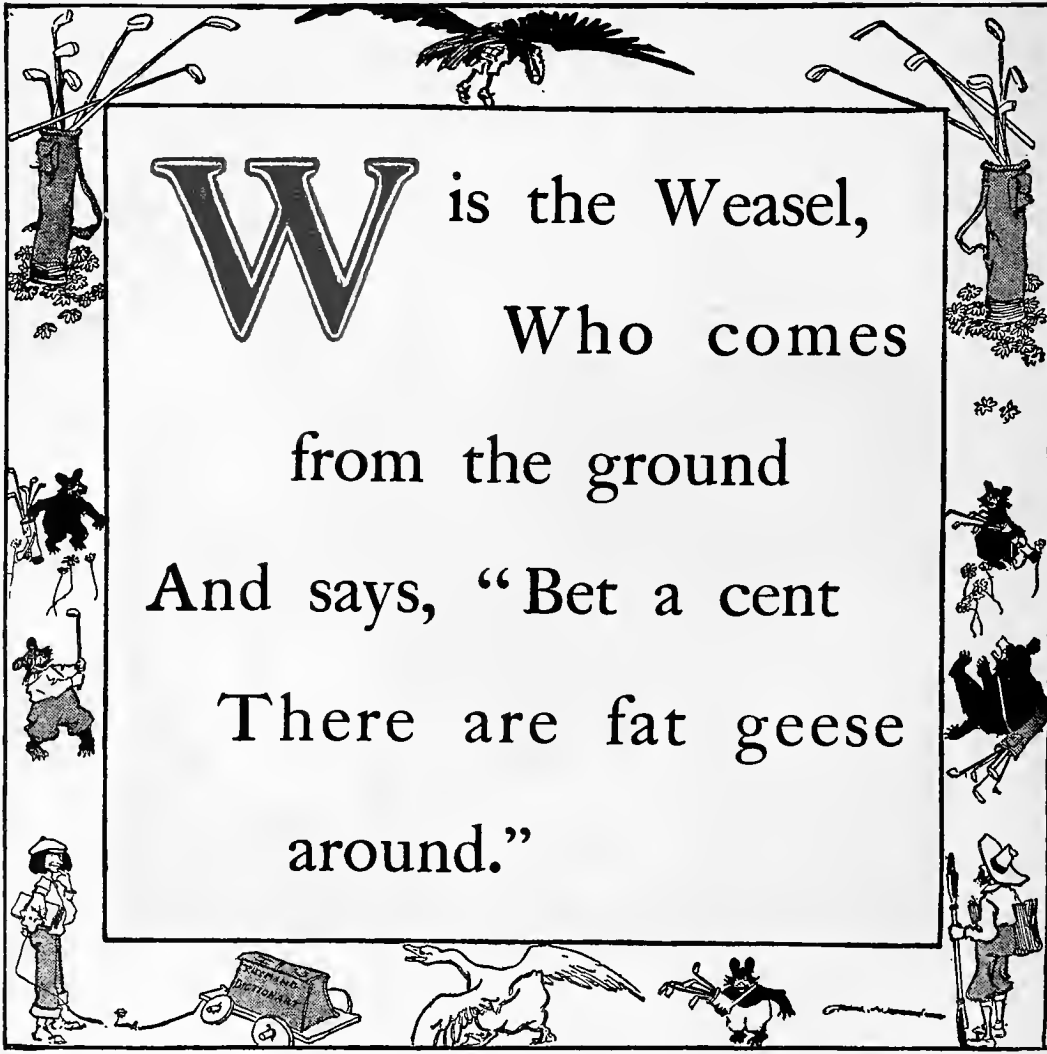
U is the Urchin,
Run off for the
day,
Who asks forty questions,
And gets in the way.






V is the Valor,
Displayed by them
all,
When the silly old goose
Tries to hatch out the
ball.





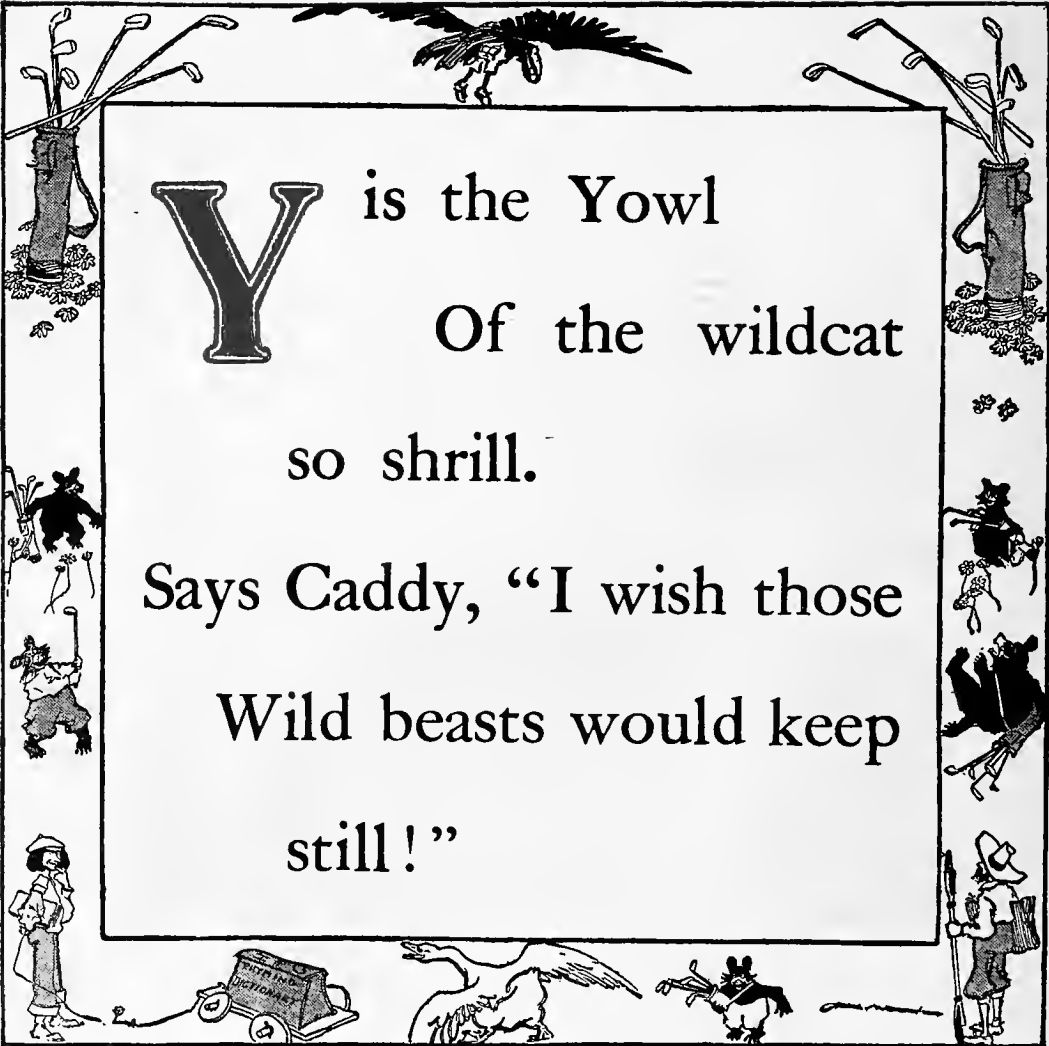
W is the Weasel,
Who comes
from the ground
And says, "Bet a cent
There are fat geese
around."





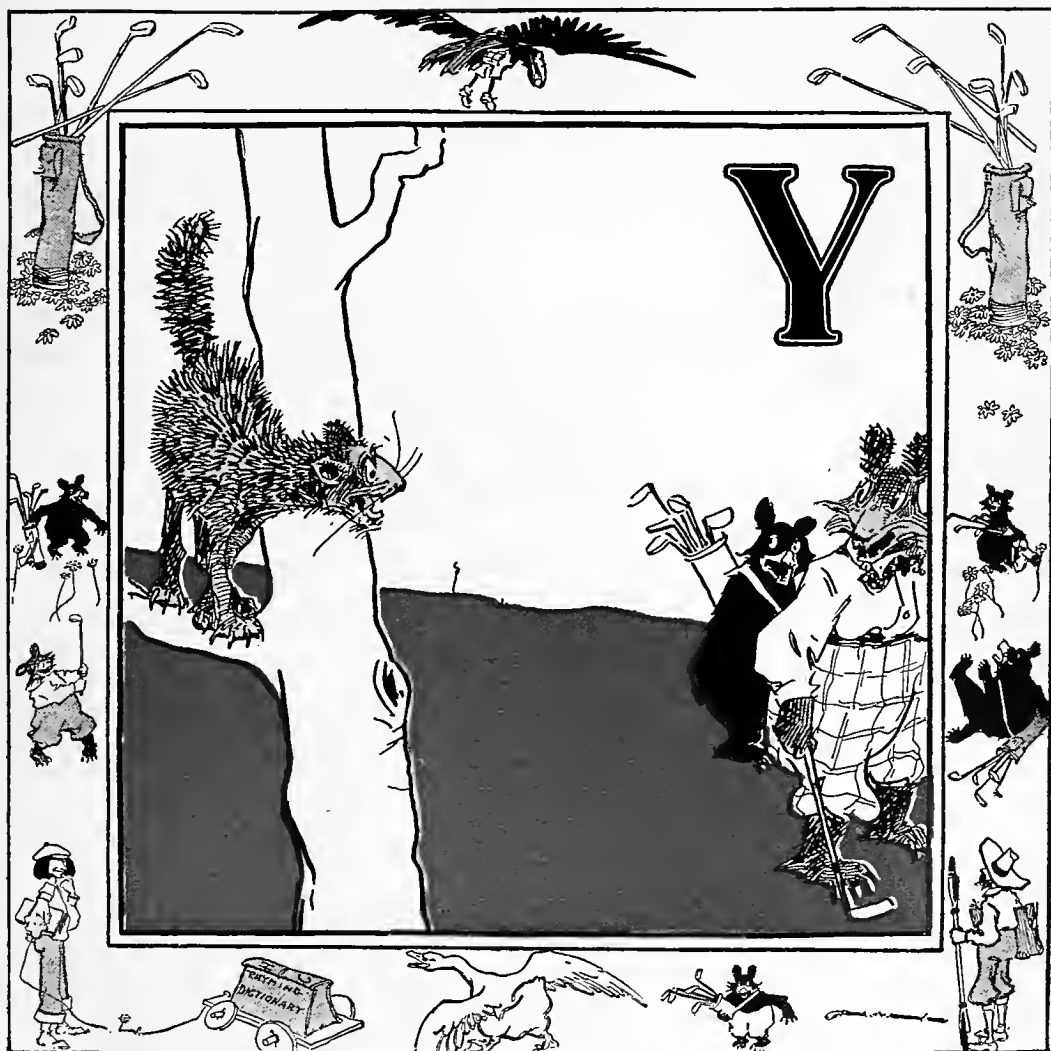
X the X-citement,
As the wild
bear they see;
Poor wild bear, he knows
Not a hole from a tree.

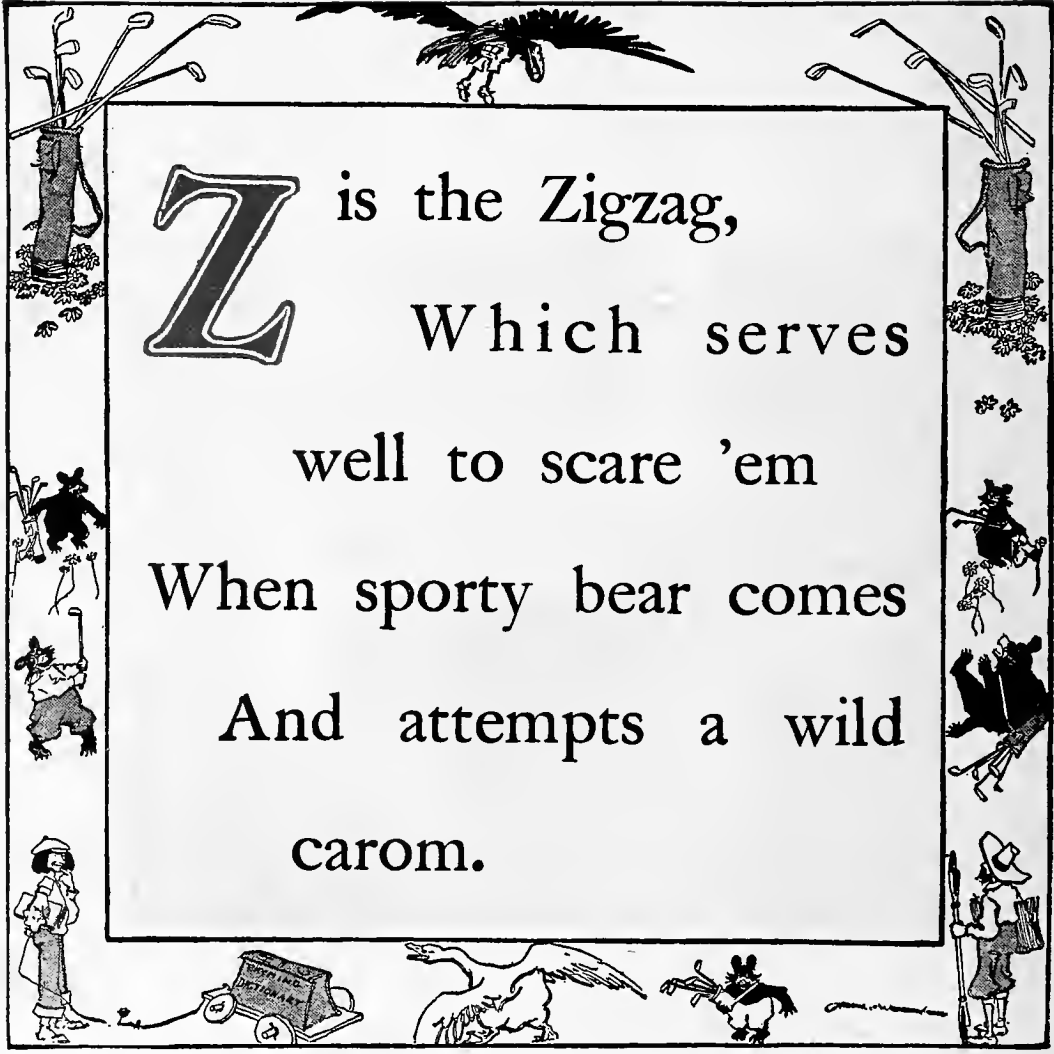




Y is the Yowl
Of the wildcat
so shrill.

Says Caddy, "I wish those
Wild beasts would keep
still!"





Z is the Zigzag,
Which serves
well to scare 'em
When sporty bear comes
And attempts a wild
carom.

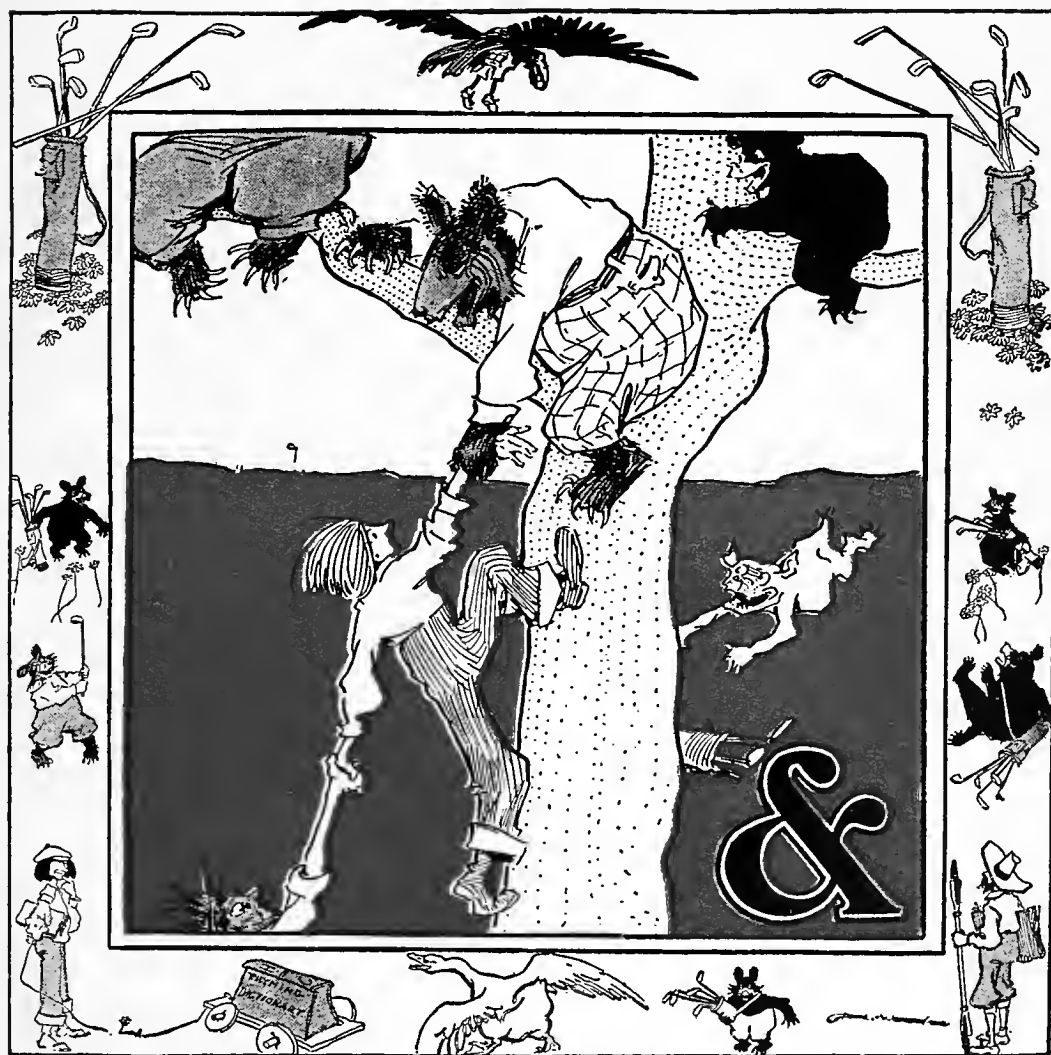


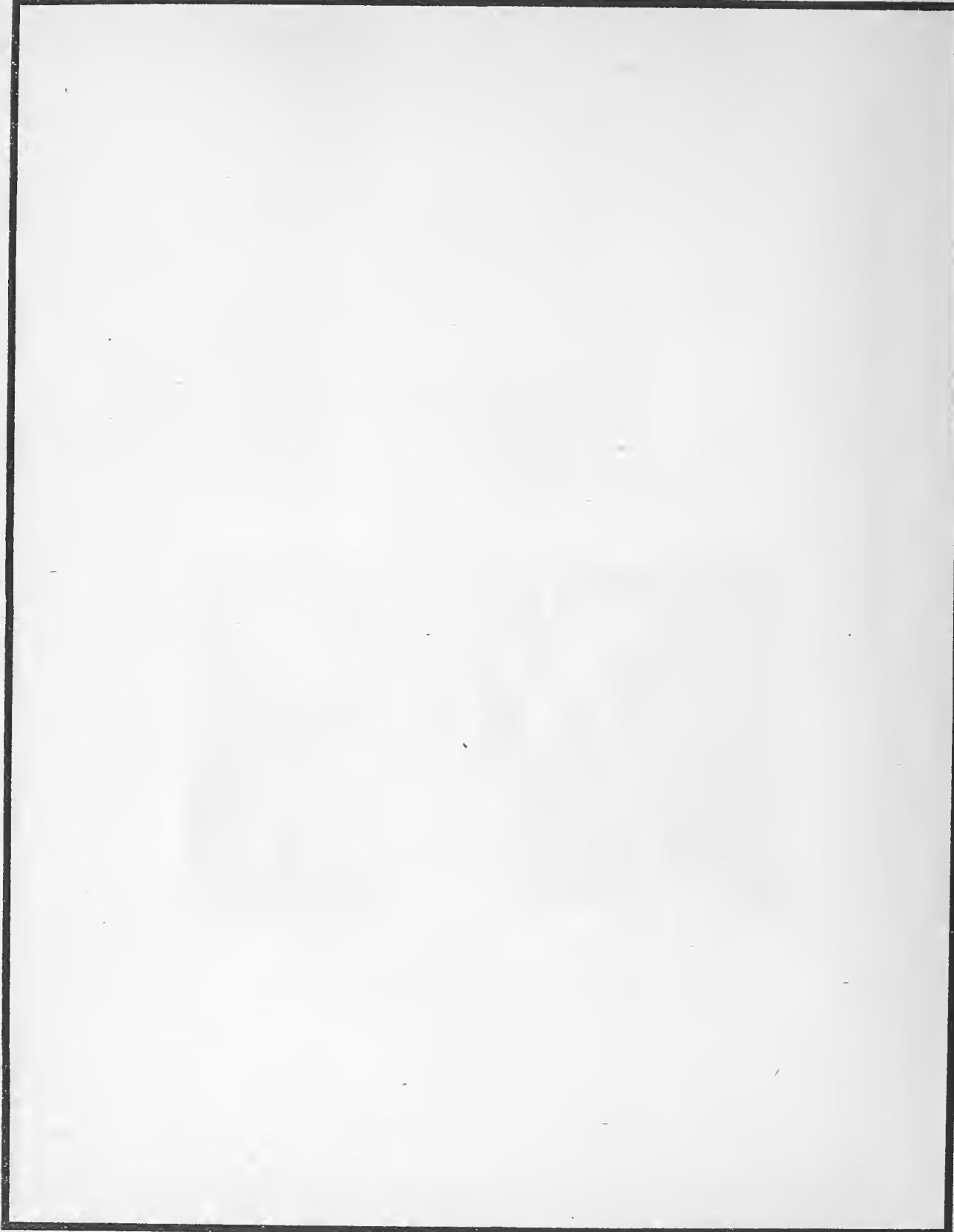


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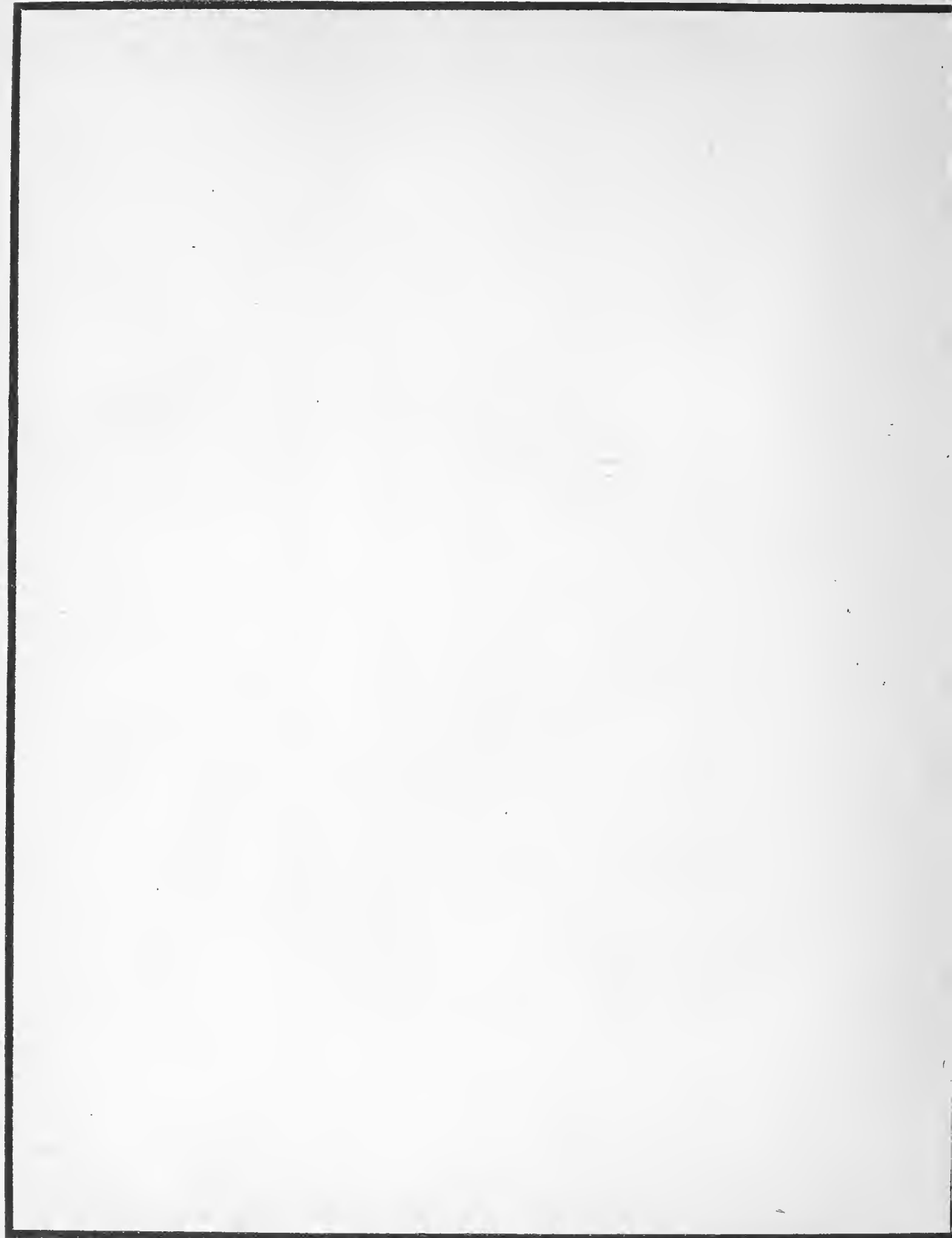
Here came the
bulldog,

Of mighty low breed,
He growled and he howled
And these golfers he
treed.











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